

A Thrilling Narration **The Cane Creek Massacre**

April
1895

early number of this Volume of THE CONTRIBUTOR with illustrations. hitherto unpublished incidents and experiences will be presented.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

A Monthly Magazine.

VOL XVI.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 6.

• ORGAN •
• OF THE •
• YOUNG MEN'S •
• MUTUAL IMPROVE-
• MENT ASSOCIATIONS •
• OF ZION •



PUBLISHED BY THE
CONTRIBUTOR CO.
SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH.



• \$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE •

Manz & Co
CHICAGO

IN COURSE OF PREPARATION

ROBERT EDGE, the Mysterious Preacher

In the Southern States. This article will be very attractive to all readers.

THE ALAMY COAL MINE DISASTER will be written up and illustrated in the May CONTRIBUTOR.

ONLY \$2.00 PER YEAR, POSTPAID.

Richard Woodruff

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1895.

	PAGE.
Beyond the Arctic Circle. (Illustrated).....	Nephi Anderson. 331
Scandinavian Reminiscences. VI. Elders Imprisoned in Norway. Andrew Jensen. 335	
Farmer Parkes' Problem.. .. .	Josephine Spencer. 343
Preaching and Preaching. XVIII.....	N. L. Nelson. 351
Precious Gifts	Novo. 359
An Irish Tale. A Warning to the Undutiful.....	Clarence L. Lower. 361
Strange Happenings.....	H. C. A. 364
The Sin of Disobedience.....	H. W. Naisbitt. 366
College Department.....	373
Sermons from the Prophets. The Resurrection.....	President Brigham Young. 376
Department of Inquiry.....	386
EDITORIAL: Is Faith Decreasing?.....	388
M. I. Membership	389
M. I. Manual, Part II.....	Milton H. Hardy and George H. Brimhall. 390

Established 1873.



CAPITAL, \$200,000.
SURPLUS, \$200,000.



WILFORD WOODRUFF, PRESIDENT.
GEORGE M. CANNON, CASHIER.



Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in Utah, with Deposits greater than all others combined.

DIRECTORS:

Wilford Woodruff, *Pres.*
Geo. Q. Cannon, *Vice-Pres.*
Joseph F. Smith,
Angus M. Cannon,
James Jack,
Heber J. Grant,
George Reynolds,
T. G. Webber,
H. B. Clawson,
Lorenzo Snow,
Francis M. Lyman,
George M. Cannon,
L. John Nuttall,

We pay 5 per cent. Interest, compounded Four times a year.

Write for any Information you desire.

ZION'S SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO.,

1 3 & 5 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY UTAH.



Dr. O. B. Hewett & Son, *The Leading*

ROOMS 401-2-3,

DENTISTS

Teeth Extracted and Filled Without Pain.

The Best Work for the Least Money in the Territory.

34
71245
1764
v. 16
1895
Apr:

THE

CONTRIBUTOR,

The Authorized Organ of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Zion.

Prospectus for Volume XVI.

1894-95.

In this volume we propose to introduce the following special features among many other instructive articles of general interest:

Shining Lights. How They Acquired Brightness.

Temple Manifestations.

Sermons from the Prophets

Beyond the Arctic Circle.

The Study of Self.

Preaching and Preaching,

Mormonism and Theosophy,

Reminiscences of the Scandinavian Mission

M. I. A. Manual, Part II.

Prize Story and Prize Male Quartette

Vocal Music

Our Illustrations

Department of Inquiry.

Association Suggestions,

Our Missions

Many New Features

which we cannot now mention, will be introduced in Volume XVI of THE CONTRIBUTOR.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per Year, Postpaid.

Address:-

The Contributor Co.,

P. O. BOX 520.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

P. S. - Please remit by P. O. Order, registered letter, bank draft or money order.

Detectives Needed Here

Superintendent Chas Ainge, of the National Detective Bureau, Indianapolis, Ind., announces that two or three capable and trustworthy men are needed in this county to act as private detectives under his instructions. Experience in the work is not necessary to success. He edits a large criminal paper and will send it with full particulars, which will explain how you may enter the profession by addressing him at Indianapolis, Ind

Newspaper Reporters Wanted.

We are informed that the Modern Press Association wants one or two newspaper correspondents in this county. The work is light and can be performed by either lady or gentleman. Previous experience is not necessary, and some of our young men and women and even old men would do well to secure such a position, as we understand it takes only about one-fourth of your time. For further particulars address Modern Press Association, Chicago, Ill.

YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CONTRIBUTOR.



Softly singing, mellow voiced, trained Warbling Canaries that will delight you, a specialty. We will send you an imported German Singing Canary Bird in song for \$1.00 anywhere in the country. Send stamp for Circular.

C. EBERLEY,

66 LUBECK ST., CHICAGO.

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. AVOID ALL IMITATIONS.

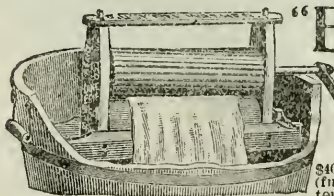


FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

USE POND'S EXTRACT
It will Cure.

FOR ALL PAIN
Rheumatism
Feminine Complaints
Lameness
Soreness
Wounds
Bruises
Catarrh
Burns
Piles

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For Sale by THE GODBETTS DRUG CO., Salt Lake City, Utah.



"Busy Bee" Washer

Runs easy and does perfect work. No rubbing necessary. Warranted for five years, and money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Fits any tub. Just the machine for ladies who are overyristing. Thousands of ladies who used to hire their washing done now save that expense by using the "BUSY BEE." AGENTS WANTED.

Exclusive territory. Agents make \$100 to \$200 a month. Lady agents very successful. Farmers and their wives make \$300 to \$400 during the winter. One farmer in Mississippi sold 600. Price \$5. Sample, (full size) where we have no agent, only 2. We refer to our L. M. For terms to agents, address LAKE ERIE MFG. CO., are of

THE CONTRIBUTOR, Salt Lake City, Utah.

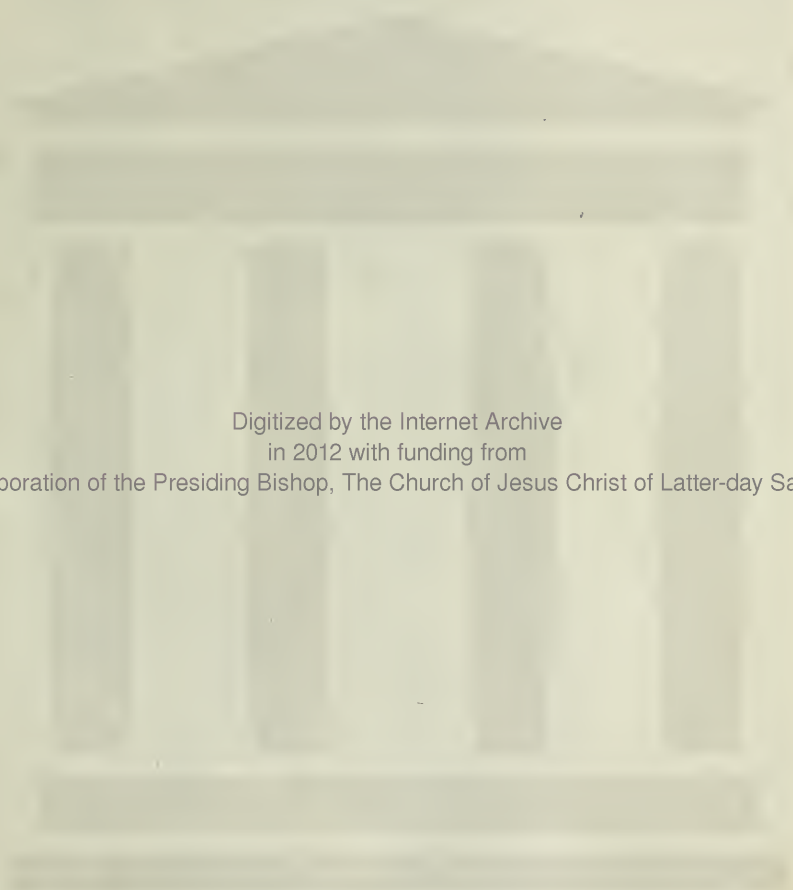
FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T.A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Corporation of the Presiding Bishop, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



STRAMSUND, A FISHING STATION AT LOFOTEN, NORWAY.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 6.

BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

CHAPTER XII.

Southward.—On Board.—Table Talk.—
Lofoten.

OUR conference was to convene at Christiania the last of October, so Brother I. and I proceeded to make a farewell visit to our friends, and get ready for the journey south. We had gained many friends, and the parting was often as if we had known each other for years. Although many had not embraced the Gospel, we hoped that much good seed had been sown, and the results would have to be as God saw good.

On the seventeenth of October, we had our valises packed at Kast-fjorden and an extra basket was provided, containing bread, butter, a fine goat cheese, fladbrod, a leg of mutton, etc. Friends brought their gifts until we had not room to contain them, and when we loaded them on the sleigh and drove through the village, many were the salutations we received:

*"Lykke paa reisen. Lev vel. Far-
vel, farvel."*

"Sleigh," did you say? Yes. The day and night previous, the storm had come, and that morning the snow lay a foot deep, still more was coming. The wind blew, and it was cold. We packed our feet in thick Nordland stockings and fisher boots, where they could not get cold, and drove to Harstad. On the way over the island, we saw that the grain stood in the drying stacks. This year, it would have to be taken to the barn by sleigh. At Harstad

the bells were ringing merrily on the cutters.

The steamer was late, as usual, so we had to wait until next morning ere *Haakan Adalstein* steamed up to the wharf, and we went on board. As it was too cold to think of deck passage, we exchanged our return tickets for second class and paid the difference, three dollars. The second class cabin was quite comfortable, and the beds were hard but warm and clean. Every berth was taken, and there was plenty of company, which included a fish-buyer, a drummer, a sea-captain, a surveyor, and some jurymen going to attend court. In the ladies' cabin there was a young lady who was being taken to the Trondhjem insane asylum. She would pace the floor and sing the same song for hours.

All day we wound in and out of the narrow fjords and passages. It snowed and rained, and was miserable weather. Towards evening it cleared off and the stars came out. The days were short now, and it soon became dark, but still the good ship wound around headlands and steamed across wide fjords. We wondered how it could be safely done, but was assured that there was no danger. The pilots knew the coast perfectly and even in the darkest night could steer properly, could they but see the outlines of the mountains. They timed the steamer from point to point, and even counted the revolutions of the propeller. However, about nine

o'clock we dropped anchor for the night.

Around the cabin lamp that evening, we had quite a social gathering. Some read, some wrote, while others talked and told stories both real and fanciful. As a sample, the captain and the fish-buyer were talking over old times:

"That reminds me," observed the latter, "of the way these northern fishermen used to do business years ago before there was any education, up here, to speak about. You know, they came to Bergen with their fleets of fishing boats, and not many of them could read or write. Well, one old fellow acted as a kind of agent for his neighbors, and used to buy and bring home goods. He had a peculiar system of hieroglyphics of his own, in which he kept his accounts. After one of his trips, when he was delivering his goods, as usual, a big cheese was lifted out of the boat and carried up to his neighbor, a customer.

"'Good day, Jens, I've brought you cheese,' said the merchant.

"'Cheese!' said the astonished Jens, 'I ordered no cheese. It was a grindstone I wanted.'

"'No?'

"'Yes.'

"'Let me look at my paper,' and he examined his accounts. 'Well, well, I'll swan if I haven't forgot to make a hole in it!'

"'The accountant had simply drawn a circle to stand for grindstone but he had forgotten to indicate a hole in the center, so had made the mistake.'"

Pipes were lighted, and the two Mormons were smoked out. After every meal, we had to take refuge on deck, to get out of the tobacco smoke. When the clouds had somewhat cleared away we ventured down again. We were soon known to be from America and the usual questions were asked us: How times were over there? What about those rough Americans who kill people on the street in daylight and rob trains?

Did we know some of their relations in Minnesota or Wisconsin?

"Where do you live?"

"O, we live out in the west in a place called Utah."

Every eyebrow raised, and there was a short pause. The fish-buyer was reading David's psalms before retiring.

"How about the Mormons out there? I read in the papers the other day that they were moving again, this time to Mexico."

"Is that so?" we exclaimed, as if we had not heard the same scores of old times, "We know nothing about such a move,"

"Of course one can't depend on all the papers say," remarked a jurymen.

The company was one of the most gentlemanly we had met. They were very careful not to make any remarks in contempt of our religion or people. We had just started into a fine talk, when the steamer took on board a drummer, who forthwith began treating everybody who would indulge, to whisky and beer. This stopped our conversation, but we distributed tracts, and articles of faith, and the fish buyer got the Voice of Warning, which he kept and read. When asked if he wanted to retain it he remarked:

"O, no, thank you. Books are very much like companions. If associated with, they are apt to change a person's views and even life. I don't care to change mine."

He was a philosopher, you see.

Early next morning we were on the move and soon came to the islands of Lofoten. We steamed into Svolvar harbor, the center of the great fishing district. The little hamlet looked deserted, which indeed it was. Most of the houses were empty, awaiting the return of fishermen and life.

A glance at any map of Europe will show the position of the Lofoten Islands, one of the greatest fishing districts in the world. The islands

are but great piles of rock. To look at them, one could imagine that one of the ancient northern gods had dumped his cart of stones here and there into the ocean, thus forming these islands. They are bare and bleak, but from the water surrounding them, Norway reaps her richest harvests.

The migration of fish is a wonderful study. About the middle of January the codfish begin to arrive at these islands. They come to spawn, and they remain until the first of April, when, all that have not been caught, take their departure, generally northward along the coast of Finmarken, where the fishermen go after them.

The same general route is taken every year, though numbers vary at the different stations. There are various reasons for the fish gathering here, among the main being the peculiar composition and structure of the sea-bottom of these islands.

CHAPTER XIII.

Preparing for Christmas and Lofoten.—The Great Fisheries.—21,000,000 Cod Fsh.—Statistics.

Early in the winter, the inhabitants of Nordland begin to get ready for the Lofoten fisheries. For hundreds of miles north and south of these islands, there are busy scenes in homes and shops and stores. Everybody works as if life depended upon getting ready, which in no small degree it does, as thousands of families depend upon this fishing trip to pay their way through the year.

Nets must be made and repaired. Lines must be got in order. There is running here and there for cord, thread, rope, hooks, sinkers, hired help, crews for their boats, trunks, barrels, reindeer skins and herring for bait. The last is important, as the liners (those who fish with lines and hooks) must have bait, and wherever there is reported to be herring there they hurriedly sail or row.

Then there is the repairing of boats, sails, masts and oars.

In the house the women are not idle. There are great thick stockings and mittens to knit, for which two and three double yarn is used. The fisher's mittens are curiosities, as they have two thumbs. When one side gets wet, the thumb is slipped out, and the mitten is turned around to the dry side. Cloth must be woven for shirts and under-clothing which must be thick and warm. The wool for all this must be sheared from the sheep, carded and spun. Then the men's clothes must be repaired, and some new ones made.

Provisions must be prepared, and stacks of fladbrod are baked. The huge brick oven is heated by building a fire within it; then taking the burning mass out the bread is put in and baked. There is coarse bread, fine bread and cakes with raisins in. Then comes *lefserne* one of the delicacies of the north. This is simply an improvement on fladbrod. A sheet of the latter is placed on the table. Then the operator dips her hand into a thin batter of wheat flour and milk, gets a handful and rubs it evenly over the surface of the fladbrod. Lines and figures are drawn on this according to the skill of the baker. It is then held in the oven for an instant and dried rather than baked. When prepared for the table it is spread with butter and sugar, and placed in layers.

At the stores there is a busy scene, and especially just before Christmas. The merchant and his help have all they can do to keep apace with their customers. A great deal of credit is given, based on the coming harvest at Lofoten. The clerks are busy dealing out chickory and factory, rice and oil, syrup and nails, tea and tobacco, cinnamon and thread, sugar and twine, paper and fish-hooks, in fact, nearly everything that is merchantable. For it must be remembered that there is not only Lofoten to get ready for, but Christmas is at

hand, and a little extra must be secured for that.

After the holidays, everything is got in readiness. The boats of each village usually sail out together. But first they must have fair wind, and often they must wait for it. When it comes, the signal is given, farewells are spoken, for how long no one can tell, into the boats they leap, up goes the one square sail and the race for the fisheries begins. The day is short in January, so they cannot sail far at a time. Their boats are anchored during the darkest of the night. This trip to Lofoten is generally hard and often dangerous, in the darkness, cold and storms of winter. Their crafts are large open boats of a few tons burden with a small enclosure aft, just large enough for a bed and their provisions.

Arriving at one of the fishing stations, a house is secured and work begins at once on the sea.

The whole fishing district is under the control of the government who send officials to take charge and enforce the regulations. The fishing grounds are divided into twenty-five stations, each station being represented by a letter. On arrival, each boatman is registered, and his boat is numbered. By this system exact account is kept of each fisherman. The fishing is done out at sea, miles away from the land, and every morning the fleet starts out from each station at a given signal, usually the raising of a flag on a staff planted on some prominent point. On stormy days this signal is not given, and then the anxious fishermen must content themselves by doing what they can on land. At each station houses are provided where the fishers get temporary shelter. These houses are meagerly furnished with a stove, table and bunks along the walls for beds. Butter-kegs are used for chairs, and the limited furniture is rude.

Stormy days are utilized by the "professionals" and preachers on

land. Every Sunday there are meetings and services in large rooms.

When the fisherman comes from work in the evening, he draws off his big sea-boots, throws them under his bed and puts on his comfortable wooden shoes. They roll into bed to rest a few minutes where the cook gives them hot coffee. Supper is then served which consists of fish and fish soup. Life at Lofoten is many times hard in the extreme. Out early in the morning, pulling at oars and nets and lines. In to the shore in the afternoon, if a catch has been made, where the fish must be disposed of to buyers or must be cleaned and hung. Then the fishing apparatus must be made ready for the morrow, and when everything is ready, it is often midnight. All this in the middle of an Arctic winter.

I once made a remark to a fisher, that it was a pity the fish did not come in the summer instead of in the winter.

"Not so," said he. "If the weather was warm at Lofoten, the immense accumulation of fish refuse would rot, and it would be impossible to live there."

The government officials keep strict supervision over the doings at Lofoten, and publish every year a report. The following is taken from that of the year 1892:

Number of men engaged in fishing, 30,092; boats present, 6,900. There were present at one time as many as 628 ships to get loaded with fish. This large gathering of men would naturally draw others, traders and vendors of various kinds. The report says that there were present, merchants, 343; watchmakers, 19; goldsmiths, 2; other mechanics; 91; photographers, 12; workmen, 283; servants, 174; restaurant keepers, 41; musicians, 16; artists, 19; "quack doctors," 7; fish-buyers, 242; liver buyers, 25; museums, 2; without steady employment, 33.

Enough in amount and variety to make a large city.

There were in 1892, 16,300,000 fish caught which was a poor year. In 1891, 21,000,000 were caught. The livers, in '92 amounted to 598,000 gallons; fish eggs, 455,000 gallons; cod liver oil 210,600 gallons. In all a total value of over one million dollars.

Most of this immense quantity of fish is now sold to buyers, who after getting a ship load at the fisheries, proceed south to some quiet rock-pebbled beach and there proceed to cure the fish. The fish is first cleaned and headed, then spread out flat and salted and placed on the clean rocks of the beach to dry and cure. In stormy weather it must be stacked and covered with birch bark; then when the sun comes out again it is spread out as before. There is considerable labor attached to this process, and the boys and girls of the neighboring farms get work and earn

not a few *kroner*. It takes from one to three months, according to the weather to cure the fish. It is then taken to market, generally to Bergen and from there much of it is shipped to Spain, and other Catholic countries.

All this fishing is not done without danger and loss of life. In '92 there were from January 16th to March 25th, forty-four whole and forty-nine parts of days when it was too stormy to fish. There were seven boats and eight lives lost. In '91 there was a fearful storm, which caught the fishers and drove them out to sea. Forty-two boats were lost and forty-nine men never more returned. This was the highest number lost within the last ten years. There was much suffering that year, and popular subscriptions were raised all over the land for aiding the fishers' families. *Nephi Anderson.*

SCANDINAVIAN REMINISCENCES.

VI.

ELDERS IMPRISONED IN NORWAY.

AMONG the business transacted at a general conference of the Scandinavian mission, held in Copenhagen, Denmark, August 12, 1852, and the three succeeding days, it was decided by unanimous vote to organize the branches in Norway into a conference to be known as the Brevig conference; and Elder Christian J. Larsen was appointed to go to Norway and preside over the same, after finishing his labors in Fredericia, Denmark. The conference also voted "that Peter Beckström be ordained to the office of an Elder and take a mission to Norway, to be accompanied by Priest Christian Knudsen; and that Priest Ole Olsen be ordained an Elder and sent to Norway."

Soon after the conference, Elder John F. F. Dorius and Teacher Niels Hansen were added to the Norwegian mission.

All these brethren sailed from Copenhagen, Denmark, on Thursday, September 2, 1852, on board the missionary vessel "*Zions Löve*," commanded by Elder Svend Larsen, who was appointed to bring the missionaries to their place of destination. On Saturday, the 4th, the vessel reached Nörre Sundby, Jylland, and the brethren spent several days visiting the Saints in that town as well as in the city of Aalborg and vicinity. On the eighth of September the voyage was continued, but owing to a calm which prevailed at sea the "*Zions Löve*" did not reach the Brevig fjord until the twelfth. The missionaries had intended to land at the little city of Brevig, where John A. Ahmanson and Jeppe G. Folkmann were laboring as preachers of the Gospel; but when they came within a mile or so of the town, they met the brethren named, who together with a Norwegian brother

were crossing the water in a boat, intending to visit some friends at Bauen, on the opposite side of the fjord. Elders Ahmanson and Folkmann had been arrested and imprisoned for four days because they had preached the Gospel and baptized, and had only the day previous regained their liberty on the condition, that they would not perform any act connected with the doctrines of the Mormons in that "amt." They had submitted to these conditions because they expected the brethren from Copenhagen, who were unacquainted with the situation. The people of Brevig were greatly embittered against the Saints, and it was even rumored that an attempt would be made to destroy the missionaries before they had an opportunity to land; as it had become universally known that a "fresh supply" of "Mormon priests" were to arrive from Denmark. At all events, a plan was laid to arrest one and all who might attempt to advance the cause of Mormonism in any shape or form.

The missionaries on learning this news from their brethren, whom they unexpectedly met as stated, felt very thankful to the Lord for causing timely warning to be given them of the threatened danger, for through this means they were prevented from going right into the hands of the police in Brevig; and instead of sailing into the town as they had intended, they now steered their vessel in among the cliffs and tied up. Elders Christian J. Larsen, Svend Larsen, John A. Ahmansen, John F. F. Dorius and F. Andreason then landed, and selecting a secluded place high up on a cliff, they bowed before the Lord and prayed fervently that He would open the way before them, and guide them to act wisely under the peculiar circumstances which just then surrounded them. They next visited their friends in Bauen where they received a hearty welcome, after which they returned to the other brethren who waited for

them on board the vessel. A council was now held on board, at which it was decided that John A. Ahmanson and Jeppe G. Folkmann should accompany the other brethren to Frederikstad, while Brother Dorius should remain at Brevig. Brothers Ahmanson and Folkmann then landed once more to get their clothes accompanied by Christian J. Larsen and John F. F. Dorius. In the evening they held a small meeting with the few Saints in Brevig, and spent the night in the hall which Elder Hans Peter Jensen had previously hired. The following day they visited some of the Saints, confirmed two recently baptized sisters and blessed three children. In the afternoon they boarded "Zions Löve" once more, and, leaving Elder Dorius in Brevig, the other missionaries continued the voyage to Frederikstad, situated on the east side of Christiania fjord, where they arrived on the fourteenth. To their great joy they found that the few Saints in the little city were doing well. In the evening a meeting was held with the Saints, on which occasion Elder Peter Beckström and Priest Christian Knudsen were appointed to labor in Frederikstad and vicinity, while Elder Ole Olsen, Priest Jeppe G. Folkmann and Teacher Niels Hansen were appointed to travel eastward to open up a new field of labor. It was also decided to petition the government for liberty to preach and administer the ordinances of the Gospel under protection of the laws of the country.

After making the necessary arrangements in Frederikstad, Elders Chr. J. Larsen, John A. Ahmanson and Svend Larsen sailed to Österisör, where they remained eight days, held ten meetings, baptized seven persons, administered to several sick persons, organized the branch more fully and enjoyed themselves among the Saints. When Chr. J. Larsen called at the police station to show his pass, he was warned, under

threats of imprisonment, against preaching his doctrines in that town; but this gave him an excellent opportunity to bear testimony to the members of the police force.

The missionaries now took Brother Hendrik Evensen with them and sailed to Brevig, where they arrived on the 24th of October. Here they held four meetings, which, however, were more or less disturbed by the mob.

A few days after their arrival in Brevig, Elder Chr. J. Larsen received a letter from the brethren in Frederikstad, calling for more help in that missionary field. In consequence of this request, Brothers Ahmanson and Evensen were left to labor in Brevig and Skien, while Chr. J. Larsen, John F. F. Dorius and Svend Larsen crossed the water to Frederikstad; they arrived at Vatterland (near Frederikstad) on the 8th of October. Here they held a well attended meeting in the evening and administered to a sister who had been tormented by an evil spirit. She was healed in a miraculous manner by the power of God. They also received the news to the effect that Elder Ole Olsen, about two weeks previously, had been arrested by "Lehnsmand" Juntz of Marielyst for having preached the Gospel and baptized nine persons in the parish of Onsö. On the following day the other missionaries returned from their respective fields of labor to visit a few days with the Saints in Frederikstad. Elder Beckström had been in Christiania, where he in vain had sought an audience with the king, who at that time was visiting the capital of Norway.

The missionaries now spent a few days very pleasantly together, though they were compelled to move about very cautiously in order to avoid the police, and held their meetings privately. A number of the brethren recently baptized were ordained to the ministry, and as there were many who had commenced a thorough in-

vestigation of the principles of the Gospel, the prospects for a rich harvest of souls were very promising. A number were also baptized.

In the meantime the police authorities became more and more vigilant in watching and persecuting the missionaries and all the Saints. On Monday, October 11th, a number of those who had been baptized were summoned to appear at the office of Mayor (Byfoged) Berg, when they were requested to give a plain and minute explanation as to who had baptized them, when and where the act had been performed, how often they had received the sacrament, who had administered the same, etc. Under this examination the fact was elicited that Elders Chr. J. Larsen and Dorius had administered the sacrament the previous evening, for which "crime" these two brethren were immediately summoned to appear before the proper authorities, where they were questioned very closely in relation to their doings since their arrival in Norway. They were then commanded in the strongest terms not to perform any act relating to their faith; but such an injunction they could not promise to comply with, as they knew that they, like the Apostles of old, "ought to obey God rather than men." On request, they delivered up their Elder's certificate, but were otherwise on this occasion given their liberty, as soon as the examination was ended.

Among those who were tried at this time was Brother J. Johansen, the president of the Frederikstad branch. He was threatened with a heavy fine if he undertook to baptize or administer the sacrament any more. In the evening the brethren held a council and decided to formulate and send another petition to the government, and in this way ask for permission to preach the Gospel without interference by the police authorities. They would also present the annoyances and arrests to

which so many of the Saints had been subjected. Brother Svend Larsen and Emil Larsen were appointed to present the petition and make a strenuous effort to get an audience with the king, who was still at Christiania, and in person explain their grievances to him.

In the meantime the "Amtmand" (county judge) went to Christiania and obtained authority to arrest and imprison all "traveling persons" who belonged to the society of the Saints, until the clergy should have time to determine whether the Mormons were to be classed as a Christian sect or not.

The following is translated from a communication written by Elder Chr. J. Larsen to Willard Snow, who presided over the Scandinavian mission in 1852.

"In the evening of Wednesday, October 13th, 1852, we held a meeting in the house of Brother Emil Larsen at Vatterland, where a goodly number of people were present. On this occasion we were opposed by a theological candidate by the name of Kjærulff who, together with other opponents, claimed they had permission from the mayor to appear against us anywhere and at all times to annoy us and oppose our doctrines. With this object in view they repeated a string of the old lies and accusations which were circulating against Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon, etc. A long discussion ensued, during which we got the best of the argument on every point. Soon the mayor appeared on the scene, and we asked him if anyone had permission to stand up and oppose us in our meetings without permission. We supposed that the laws of the land were the same to all, and that we had the same right as any other religious society to the protection of the civil authorities, provided we did nothing in opposition to good Christian morals and proper order and decorum. To this the mayor answered

in a low voice, 'Yes, opposition to such doctrine is permissible.'

"On the following day (October 14th, 1852) when I, in company with Brothers Svend Larsen, Jeppe G. Folkmann and Niels Hansen, were walking toward Ingolsrud (a large farm), to visit some Saints at that place, we met Birch Reichenwaldt, the 'amtmand' for what is called 'Smaalenenes Amt.' He accosted us in a most abrupt manner and addressed us very harshly when he learned that we were Mormons. He commanded us to go with him back to Frederikstad at once to be arrested. This we refused to do, on the ground that we had not transgressed any law, and that we understood prisons were built for criminals, and that the tribunals of justice were appointed to punish lawlessness and to protect the rights of citizens and maintain order in the community; and we had not transgressed any rule or law in this connection; neither did we intend to do anything of the kind in the future. We then bade the 'amtmand' good bye and continued our journey to Ingolsrud. But we had hardly got inside the door, before the son of 'Foged' Ytters stepped in, accompanied by ten or twenty peasantry, who tackled us at once by questioning us sharply as to who we were and commanding us to show passports, etc. Fortunately for me, I had a note with me signed by the mayor stating that my passport was at Frederikstad. By this means I was permitted to retain my liberty, after an examination, but was ordered to return to Frederikstad at once. Brothers Folkmann and Niels Hansen, whose passports had been left at Moss (where they intended to go the following day), were at once ordered to prison, all protest on their part being fruitless. Our Norwegian Brother, Skipper Svend Larsen, who had not his pass by him, but had his vessel lying at Vatterland, was also commanded to go into prison. But after considerable par-

leying he was permitted to go to the town in the evening to look after his boat, on the condition that he would meet in court the following day.

"This promise, however, Svend Larsen was prevented from keeping, for we had scarcely got up the next morning (October 15th) when the mayor's deputy (Underbyfogded), Mr. Fjeldstad, accompanied by a police officer, put in his appearance at the house of Brother Emil Larsen at Vatterland, where Brother Larsen and I stopped, with orders from the mayor that we should accompany them to the latter's office; with this request we willingly complied. The moment we opened the door the mayor, addressing himself to me, said, 'You are my prisoner.' Hearing no cause given for my arrest, I asked what I had done by which I had become subject to imprisonment. The answer was: 'You have administered the sacrament and preached. Go with the officer at once.' The police officer, to whom he had reference, stood already by my side. I then asked for the privilege to return for my clothes and arrange my affairs before going to prison; but I was told that I could send for my things. Realizing that further remonstrance would be in vain, I accompanied the officer to the court house, where I was duly imprisoned in the citizens' jail (Borgerarresten)."

While Elder Christian J. Larsen was ordered imprisoned at once, Brother Svend Larsen was retained at the mayor's office for some time, being requested to explain the principles and doctrines believed in by the Mormons. This request he readily complied with, and the mayor had now the opportunity of listening to something that he no doubt remembered as long as he lived; the straight-forward testimony given by the Elder on this occasion ought to have saved himself and fellow-laborers from further arrest and imprisonment, but it seemed only to make matters worse. Though Elder

Svend Larsen had neither baptized nor administered the sacrament in Frederikstad or the vicinity, the mayor said to him: "I am compelled to arrest you. You will have to follow the officer." - Elder Larsen answered: "If it were not that I am being arrested for the sake of the testimony of Jesus Christ, you would find it no easy task to get me into the prison." Then he willingly accompanied the officer, and was a prisoner after that for five months.

Elder Christian Larsen, in continuing his narrative says: "I rejoiced in being counted worthy to suffer thus for the Gospel's sake, like my co-religionists in far-off America; but I felt grieved in my spirit when I thought of the many noble souls who were anxious to learn of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, and that I was now deprived of the opportunity to instruct them. I also felt quite sure that my fellow-missionaries would be compelled to share my fate; and this apprehension I was soon to realize; for a few hours after my own imprisonment Brother Svend Larsen was brought in as a prisoner by the same officer who had placed me in durance vile. He was ignorant as to the cause of his imprisonment, as he had neither administered the sacrament nor any other ordinance of the Gospel. But we clearly saw that the sole object which the authorities had in view was to get us under arrest on whatever pretext they might suggest, in order to hinder and stop the progress of truth. On the same day Elders Dorius and Christian Knudsen were arrested by Lehnsmann and Printz. Though Elder Dorius, like myself, had a receipt showing that his pass was with the mayor, he was brought to town the next day and imprisoned with us."

The following account is given by John F. F. Dorius: "On Friday, October 15, 1852, we visited Brother Mons Petersen, and about noon Elder Beckstrom started for Freder-

ikstad, while Brother Knudsen and myself went to Aale with the intention of holding a meeting there; but on our arrival we could not obtain a room in which to hold one. Toward evening we walked to Kjölborgbro, where we asked for lodging at the inn; but when the matron of the place learned that we were Mormons, she said that the 'Amtmand' had given her strict orders not to entertain that class of people. While we were yet conversing with her, a uniformed officer stepped in from a side room, and without further introduction he at once asked me who I was and if I had a pass, to which I replied that my pass was in Frederikstad. He then said to me: 'You are now under arrest.' He then turned to Brother Knudsen and asked him for his pass; but receiving a similar reply to the one I had given, Brother Knudsen was also made a prisoner. We were then brought into another room where we understood we were to remain until the preliminary examination was over. But what a surprise awaited us when we entered; the room was nearly full of Saints who had been summoned to appear for examination. We also found Brother Ole Olsen, who had already been imprisoned about two weeks, and Brothers Folkmann and Niels Hansen whom they had arrested the day before and now brought to Kjölborg for examination. While our feelings were peculiar at meeting under such circumstances, yet an unspeakable joy filled our hearts; for we knew we were guilty of no crime. After the trial or preliminary examination, Brother Olsen was imprisoned at Elverhøj, in charge of Lehnsmann Mikkelsen; while Brothers Folkmann, Christian Knudsen, Niels Hansen and myself were placed in confinement with Lehnsmann Printz, about ten miles from Frederikstad. A guard was kept over us all night.

"On Saturday, October 16th, in the morning, I was brought in a vehicle

to the courthouse in Frederikstad, where I arrived about noon and was delivered to Officer Fjeldstad who conducted me into the jail. Here another surprise awaited me; for who should I meet here but my beloved brethren, Elders Chr. J. Larsen and Svend Larsen who had been arrested the day previous! In the afternoon our number was further increased by the arrival of Elder Beckstrom, who was arrested at Vatterland by an officer, who conducted him to the prison. Thus the police authorities had arrested eight of us for no other cause than this, that we had preached repentance and sought to do good to our fellowmen."

It may seem strange to the reader that the Mormon Elders should be thus treated by the liberty-loving people of Norway; but it must be remembered that the Lutheran religion had at that time become so fully established in that land and in the hearts of the people, that any deviation from its "well-beaten track" seemed unlawful and unwarranted. A law, however, had been passed some years previously granting certain privileges and liberties to dissenters: that is, those who differed with the state church on points of doctrine, but who, nevertheless, were Christians. Under this provision the Baptists, Methodists and, perhaps, other sects had already got a foothold in Norway, and their several congregations had full liberty to worship the Lord according to the provisions of their respective creeds. But when the Mormon Elders appeared in the land and commenced to preach about new revelation, the Book of Mormon and kindred topics, the people and authorities were confronted with something so entirely new to them, and so different to all orthodox religion that they at first did not know what to think of it, or how to meet it. The query soon arose, whether the Mormons, with their peculiar doctrines, could be classed as Christian dissent-

ers. If they were such, they were entitled to the same protection under the law as other dissenters; but if not, all their acts were unlawful, and their baptisms and other ordinance work were punishable with fine and imprisonment. The clergy, who in all countries visited by the Mormon Elders, have ever shown the most bitter opposition, took the stand in Norway, from the beginning, that the Mormons were not Christians, and consequently could claim no right of protection under the dissenter law. Consequently, they exercised all the influence they possessed with the civil authorities to have the Mormon Elders arrested and imprisoned; and we have already seen, in the foregoing, to what extent they succeeded, by having all the active missionaries, who had commenced successful operations in the land, placed behind lock and key, pending a more thorough examination of Mormon doctrines.

The apartment in which the brethren in Frederikstad were incarcerated was what in some American prisons would be termed the debtors' apartment. It was an upper room, well-lighted, clean and tidy; and Mr. Fjeldstad, the jailor, and his family treated them with considerable kindness and consideration; he granted them all the privileges he was permitted to give them under prison rules. The brethren spent their time in reading, singing, writing, praying and interesting conversation. Though their writing materials were taken from them in the beginning, they were soon restored, through Elder Svend Larsen's earnest request of the mayor. Thus the time passed swiftly and pleasantly, the brethren having a clear conscience that their cause was a good one, and worthy of all their sufferings. The Holy Ghost gave them comfort at all times, and when they finally emerged from their prison-house, their faith in the principles of the Gospel was stronger than ever

before, and their zeal and love for the cause had increased many fold.

A skipper by the name of J. A. Jensen and a Mr. Jacobsen had been imprisoned in the same apartment as the missionaries since the fifteenth of June, 1852, for the sake of religion; they were adherents of Methodism. A few days previous to the imprisonment of the brethren, Mr. Jensen had been removed to a room by himself; but in the evening of the twenty-second of October, he came in to the brethren to share the room with them. They commenced to preach the Gospel, but at first he would not receive their testimony.

In the morning of Sunday, October 24th, Mr. Fjeldstad, the jailer, and his son visited the missionaries in their room, and a lengthy religious conversation took place. Elder Christian J. Larsen in particular testified to the truth of the Gospel under the influence of the Holy Ghost and made a lasting impression upon the visitors. After Mr. Fjeldstad had left the cell, the brethren continued to converse with Mr. Jensen until they all were brought under a most pleasant and divine influence, and joy indescribable filled their hearts. Mr. Jensen gave way to a sudden outburst of tears and declared that he was convinced that the Gospel as declared to him by his fellow prisoners was true, while his face literally shone with joy. The brethren and their new convert thanked and praised the Lord together, sang songs of joy and had throughout a most glorious experience. This Mr. Jensen was baptized soon afterwards and remained a faithful member of the Church to the day of his death, which occurred in Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah, July 24, 1882.

On Wednesday, November 10, 1852, Amtmand Birch Reichenwaldt paid the brethren a visit in prison. The real object of his visit was to ask them if they had any complaints to make in regard to their treatment.

His behavior was otherwise insulting, and he listened very reluctantly when the brethren endeavored to answer some of his witty questions. He, however, gave them liberty to walk out and enjoy the fresh air occasionally.

On Friday, November 12th, Elder Christian J. Larsen was on trial most of the afternoon. Brothers Olsen, Folkmann, Knudsen and Hansen were also on trial before "Sorenskriver" Bing. The three last named brethren had been removed to Elverhøj, to share prison apartment with their fellow missionary Ole Olsen. Their place of confinement, unlike the prison in Frederikstad, was rather unpleasant, and their food was very poor. On the same day (November 12th), Brother John A. Ahmanson was brought as a prisoner from Österrisör, and placed in the same apartment as his brethren at Frederikstad. All the arrests were ordered by Amtmand Birch Reichenwaldt.

After Brother Ahmanson's imprisonment there were five of the brethren confined in Frederikstad, namely, two Danish (Christian J. Larsen and John F. F. Dorius), two Swedish (Peter Beckström and John A. Ahmanson) and one Norwegian (Svend Larsen). Also their new convert Mr. J. A. Jensen, who had not yet been baptized. They all occupied the same room. The man Jacobsen previously mentioned, who proved to be a bitter opponent of the truth, had been sent to Christiania, thus leaving the brethren all to themselves.

On Saturday, November 13th, Brothers Ahmanson and Beckström, and also Emil Larsen and J. Johansen, were on trial at the courthouse, and a few days later, Elders Svend Larsen and John F. F. Dorius were examined at the same place by Mayor Berg. They were requested to state how often they had preached, what doctrines they had advocated in their meetings, etc.

On Sunday, December 5th, 1852, Peter Beckström was restored to liberty by the assistance of Brothers Emil Larsen, and J. Johansen, the president of the branch in Frederikstad, who gave bonds for him. The other brethren had labored hard to bring this release about, in order to have one of their number labor quietly among the Saints and friends on the outside. On the same day Elder Svend Larsen received a letter from his wife in Österrisör, containing the sad intelligence that two of the brethren, Hendrik Evensen, one of the first converts in Österrisör, and Halvor Taargremsen had met their death by drowning at sea.

On Monday, December 6th, Elders Chr. J. Larsen and John F. F. Dorius were permitted to visit the Saints in the town accompanied by a police officer. Subsequently, when Jailer Fjeldstad was in good humor, the brethren were granted the privilege of making similar visits at different times; also, some of the Saints were permitted to visit the brethren in prison, which all served to dispel the monotony of prison life. Strangers also frequently called on the brethren, who used every opportunity afforded them of bearing testimony to the truth of the Gospel.

The close of the year 1852 found all the brethren belonging to the Norwegian mission (except Elder Beckström) still in prison, patiently awaiting the decision of the courts, which would either give them liberty to preach the principles, which they loved so much, unmolested in old Norway, or make them criminals in the face of the law. While they hoped for the best, they were fully aware of the great influence of the embittered clergymen, and that they would work every scheme and plan to have the voices of the Elders silenced forever in the land. In our next we shall see how they succeeded.

Andrew Jensen.

FARMER PARKES' PROBLEM.

"Ogden depot!"

The wheels of the dingy line of coal and cattle-cars rumbled slowly to a standstill. Through the barred openings of the close, brown boxes, scores of dust-grimed faces looked out on throngs of people gathered around the platform.

Men, women and children from the near town and its suburbs; from the capital city and settlements for miles around, stood, with tense curiosity depicted in their faces, waiting for a glimpse of the passengers within the white-lettered cabooses.

Inside the line of curious civilians, the trim ranks of the newly organized militia, flanked by the blue-coated members of the professional police force were drawn up along the edge of the platform, ready for what duty the emergency of the hour might prescribe.

As the train stopped, there was a sudden stir in the crowd as the municipal brigade broke rank to clear a path for the line of men who came filing out of the cars.

A little murmur of equally divided sympathy and derision passed amongst the waiting spectators as the much-talked-of "division-of-the-army-of-commonwealers" appeared.

Ill-clad and unclean; hair and apparel unkempt from stress of such circumstances as had marked their mode of travel; eyes bloodshot from soot and cinders, and faces deprived of individuality or expression by the dust and grime of the cars—they presented a picture whose inherent appeal depended, indeed, upon the innate sensibilities of the crowd of beholders.

Nearly a thousand human beings moulded in God's image—worse clothed and fed than the beasts of the field, and migrating like animals from city to city in search of food—meeting at each stopping place, an array of fellow-creatures, in metaphorical display of snarling fangs and unsheathed claws—ready, should

occasion serve, to fall upon, and rend them, lest the bone of livelihood be snatched from their own hold! This was the spectacle; and to those interested in that branch of natural history which deals with the progress of mankind upward from primitive instincts and modes of existence to the high ideal of Christian civilization—a significant illustration of the far advance of humanity along the line of evolution! Aside from the legal or intrinsic aspects of the case—an interesting picture, the sensational movement of the unemployed throughout the country in our day and age, will remain for future generations! To the picture of the event itself, add the fact that it was in a land possessing resources sufficient to provide for many times the number of its entire population—and we have a background destined to bring out, with extreme distinctness, the salient points in the strange object-lesson.

Of the effect produced upon the immediate throng of spectators—safe to say the majority experienced sincere pity at the spectacle of present suffering—suffering which all, no doubt, were willing to temporarily alleviate, but for whose permanent cure they entertained not even a theory. The ultimate object—to the army itself, at the present moment—was not so dear, perhaps, as the experience of standing once more upon terra firma after the long ride. Grateful as visions of paradise, the green lucern-meadows and grain-fields of fair Utah farm lands, after the inferno of the overland trip in close, dust-choked cars! But brief, comparatively, as any glimpse of that supernal region yet vouchsafed to mortal eye, was to be the sojourn of the strangers amidst these refreshing scenes.

Not only immediate departure—but departure with faces turned towards the direction whence they had just come—this was the first

hasty mandate proscribed against travelers who had set passing foot on local soil.

The men were sitting or lying around the camp-fires when word came of the court's decision—and the news fell like a firebrand.

To retrace their journey back to the industrially-parched regions already abandoned for their desolate prospects—death itself were better!

"That's my view of it," said the man who had voiced the sentiment. "It's death in the end, anyway, with such a prospect staring us in the face, and I'd rather take it by bullet than to starve. I say I shan't go back, if I have to fight the whole militia single-handed. They can't more than kill a man, and that's better than to tramp the streets of 'Frisco again, begging our bread. I say, Eardly"—turning to the emaciated young fellow, who had been ill during the journey, and who now lay stretched out languidly on the grass in his blanket, just beyond the light of the fire—"I wonder if that Providence you talk so much about, ever planned or foresaw that His children would be treated like criminals—kept under guard, like men doomed to the gallows, and driven like animals, from place to place—because they need bread, and want to work to get it."

John Eardly made no reply. He was too ill to sense anything clearly, save, indeed, the heavenly balm of the crisp air blowing from some near canyon, across his hot temples. Force and restraint were naught to him, so that they did not deprive him of that.

It was restful, too, to lie with limbs stretched out luxuriously at full length on the soft grass;—though his head was throbbing violently and strange fancies of his own mixed themselves with the whispered talk of the men about him—mingling with them in puzzling incoherence.

Presently the murmur of their

voices became indistinct; the memories and thoughts flying with lightening-like rapidity—trying to keep time, and fit in with the conversation about him—ceased to vibrate in his strained consciousness, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke a few hours later, the camp was quiet. The men had ceased talking and lay in tired sleep, the flickering light of the camp-fires outlining their gaunt, ill-clad figures with faint distinctness.

It was some time before Eardly realized his surroundings. His temples were still throbbing with that deep, heavy ache, and strange thoughts confused his mind. Presently it began to come to him in dim snatches—the past journey—their prison encampment—the threat to send them back to California. There, in the near distance were the camp-fires of the militia, and the forces of their patrolmen keeping vigilant guard lest any of the "alien army" should escape. Escape! Glorious! Strange not to think of it before! A grand sport—to elude the watchers in both camps and slip away!

Amidst the thousand delirious fancies surging through his brain the thought came back again and again, to assume at length the shape of a tangible purpose. Raising his head from his improvised pillow, he looked stealthily about him. Now was the very instant—while their own troublesome sentinel was at the other end of the camp.

Quietly unwrapping his blanket, he crept along the ground amid the sleeping figures of his companions out into the high weeds and grass at the edge of the camp. A row of bushes concealed him from view of the fires till he reached the fringe of willows at the bend of the river where it branched away from the camp.

Without stopping to take breath, he let himself drop noiselessly into the water. Icy cold! but the shock of the plunge sent the blood tingling

with warm vigor through his veins. A few swift arm strokes and he was on the opposite bank; then over a fence and into the shelter of an orchard.

Upright now, he could move more swiftly; and so, throughout the remaining hours of the night—across meadows and through orchards and over long stretches of level road he sped on—his mind—filled with those thousand flitting and incongruous fancies—still holding steadfastly and with the tenacity of delirious cunning to the purpose of escape. Presently his ears began to fill with a strange rustling sound. Whispers, like those of the men he had heard early in the night were above, behind and all around him, filling him with a new fear at their threatening sense—the sense of imminent peril of close pursuing steps.

His feet strangely light and tireless ere this, began to stumble clumsily. His breath came in short, quick gasps. Only one hope for him now—to reach that something looming darkly in the purplish distance, and take shelter in its shadow. Climbing breathlessly the rails of a low fence he dropped heavily under the edge of a stack of sweet-smelling hay; and listening—starting a dozen times to flee from pursuing steps—to screen himself from myriad glittering bayonet-points threatening him from the cold blue space of sky above—yielding more and more to the lethargy numbing his brain and senses, he drifted slowly into sleep.

“I was jest looking round to see if I could find where the little brown pullet’s got her nest—and I seen *him!*” said Bud Parkes, leading the rest of the family down to the haystack with an air big with the importance of his discovery. “The worst lookin’ tramp you ever saw, too; face as red as a biled beet, and eyes bunged out so you could hang kittles on ’em. *An’ his clothes.* Pa’s scare-crow down in the field’s a dude by the side of him.

“There he is!” he concluded—triumphantly, putting aside the loose wisps of hay that drooped over a little hollow under the haystack where the man lay half hidden from sight; “an’ he’s so drunk he jes’ don’t know anything. Keeps talkin’ about soldiers and cattle-cars an’ bayoonits pintoed at him out of the stars—an’ I don’t know whut. Jes’ you keep still a minnit and hear him maunder!” They stood, a curious group, silently looking down on the woe-begone object stretched out in the hay.

With face flushed, eyes bloodshot, hair and clothes unkempt and littered with wisps of hay, he was an uncouth picture.

Roused from his stupor by their voices, he gazed up at them dazedly and blinkingly—his eyes half-blinded by the bright morning sunlight shining full in his face.

The question put to him presently by Finly Parkes elicited a series of incoherent sentences—mumbled repetitions of Bud’s quotations—and other vague things declaimed in a husky, half-audible voice—then the man relapsed once more into stupor.

“I believe he’s *sick!*” said Finly Parkes, laying his hand on the man’s forehead.

“I shouldn’t wonder if he *was,*” said his wife, significantly. “*Delirium tremens,* I guess.”

“It’s *delirium*, but I don’t believe it’s *tremens*. He’s got some kind of fever, I guess. His skin’s hot enough to burn.”

“’Twouldn’t surprise me a bit if ’twas one of the Ogden Commonwealers. I thought some of ’em would slip out of camp and get away. They ain’t goin’ to care any more for the courts nor the militia than our old settin’ hen. I’ve said right along we’d have ’em swarmin’ all through the settlements, and I didn’t expect anything else than they’d light down on *us* the first thing. It seems our luck to have all the riff-raff in the country come to our door.

"Prissie Parkes! I don't think I'd want to touch him," she continued vehemently, as her daughter's hand rested for a moment on the man's flushed forehead.

"He hasn't a *bad face*, mother," the girl said—hastily withdrawing her hand, however, as the tramp's eyes suddenly opened upon her.

"Priss always was partial to beets," volunteered Bud, with accustomed smartness; suffering disappointment at the lack of sensation attendant upon his discovery of the ferocious-looking tramp.

"If he's sick, he'll have to be got into the house," said the master of that establishment, in conclusive tones. "He couldn't do a much worse thing than to lie out here in these damp clothes."

"Finly Parkes!" his wife's voice was plaintive with hopelessness born of knowledge of her husband's decided will. "Finly! If we take one, we'll have *hordes* of 'em to feed all summer. You know how it goes as well as I do!"

"You needn't be afraid of *that*. I promised myself when I first heard of them Commonwealers swarmin' down on us, that I wouldn't encourage their tomfoolery by givin' food or shelter to one of 'em. But this man—even if he happens to be one of 'em—which we don't know he is—is *sick*! You've only got to look at him to know that. And if I turn him away, I don't know who'd take him in. It aint likely anybody else'd want to any more'n we do. I aint going to have it on my conscience that I've drove a man from my door mebbe to die by the roadside. I'd be afraid it'd come back on me. I'll take him in for a day or so, till he's better; and then I'll give him his walking papers. You needn't think any of them organized army of vagabonds are goin' to get a livin' out of *me*! Here, Bud! You run over to Eli Slade's and tell him to come and help get this man into the house.

Don't let the dandelions sprout up between your toes, either."

A dream—lasting through fifteen days—of noisy, jolting cars of ceaseless walking to and fro in stubbled roads without rest by night or day; of a hard couch, matted with clods of earth and prickling wisps of hay—melting gradually to a consciousness of the pervading, gracious ease of downy quilts and pillows—of an ice-cold stream with strangely white and wide-rolling billows, merging all at once into a pair of snowy swiss curtains draping a window near at hand, and wafted by the balmiest of spring breezes—a thousand threatening steel points arrayed phalanx upon phalanx, millions of miles away in the crisp indigo skies, dwindling gradually into two soft rays that came nearer down the abyss of space to change suddenly into a pair of tender, blue orbs gazing at him within reach of his hand—this was the miracle that awed the senses of John Eardly, as he drifted into a state of semi-consciousness on one of the fairest of June days.

After all, Paradise differs in degree, only, from these smaller surprises, of from worse to better, that come to us sometimes on earth.

A week's convalescence brought Eardly's heavenly state of ease and irresponsibility to an end. Not that curse of work, which was supposed to have destroyed the bliss of the primal Paradise, but the more serious lack of it, wrought present destruction.

He came down to the back stoop one evening, where Finly Parkes was reading his newspaper, his heart heavy with the old hopeless anxiety.

Finly got up from his chair and made Eardly take it—seating himself on the porch steps.

"You're about smart *enough* to get down stairs, without putting on extra airs," he said in answer to Eardly's objection.

"I guess times are picking up a little in the city," he went on by way of conversation. "The paper says they think of carrying on work on the sewer, and I don't know where the money's coming from unless there is some change for the better."

"Maybe they'll want workmen," said Eardly eagerly. "If I can get down there I guess I'll try my chance."

Finly dropped his paper.

"I can tell you right now," he said sharply, "there's enough home workmen waitin' for that job to line the whole sewer system from the foothills to Jordan."

Eardly groaned.

"Why, man," exclaimed Parkes, testily; "you can't expect us to take from our own people to give to strangers!"

"I'd be a fool and a scoundrel to want any such thing," said Eardly.

Parkes faced him abruptly.

"Then I'd like to know what you folks mean stealin' trains and swarmin' down on places where there ain't work to keep our own towns-people from starvin'! That's all this common weal business amounts to. Their talk about goin' to Washington's all a blind. The *idea* that government is goin' to be forced to support a lot of shiftless *men*!"

"You must be crazy to look at it in that light," interrupted Eardly, a blush reddening his thin cheeks. "You can't call a man shiftless that's willing to work. We don't ask to live on charity."

"There aint any word in the Constitution, nor in any law made since it was framed, to authorize government to provide work for the people."

"No. It's just the lack of such a law that ought to be remedied. When thousands of men are out of employment, somebody's got to see that they don't starve; and it's only asking government to shift the responsibility from the people to its own shoulders. This nation's got

ways and means enough to put it in every man's power to earn a livelihood without making it a question of charity."

"Oh! There aint any doubt as to *that*. It's the question of *right*."

"Right! See here! If the government aint supposed to owe as much duty to its people as one individual to another, it's a funny standard for a Christian nation, that's all!"

"That argument's all right if it comes to a case of actual necessity. But while a man's able to support himself, it aint any application. This army of Commonwealers; now, I've heard the most of 'em could have got work a dozen times over, if they'd wanted it."

"You've got an answer to that right here in your own community. Down there in Salt Lake, you say, there's a hundred workmen for every job; and it's just the same in every town in the country."

"All I know, is from the newspapers. They say, in some of the places—both east and west of here—the farmers offered 'em work at good wages, and they wouldn't take it."

"I've heard that story myself; and I can tell you that hundreds of us tramped the country over in California trying to get work, as farmhands, for our board, and it wasn't to be had."

"It's hard to believe they couldn't have found *some* job."

"Will *you* give *me* one?" asked Eardly, significantly.

The other's face reddened.

"I guess I've done about my share. Bed and board and free nursin' for over a month, 's a good deal for a poor man to give."

"That's just it!" said Eardly, eagerly. "I want a chance to pay for what I've had. It's this being forced to take charity that makes men desperate. Right here, in my case, you've got the whole of the problem we're trying to have gov-

ernment straighten out; and it's funny that with such things brought to their very doorsteps, people can call *us* cranks!"

"I'll bet anything you've told him he could stay," said Martha Parkes, joining her husband on the porch as Eardly crawled back up stairs. "I could hear him, from the pantry, trying to bamboozle you over."

"Well, maybe it's what you call it," he answered; "but when as big a problem as that comes under a man's roof, he's got to go outside his conscience to get rid of it."

A June dawn, set with a Utah landscape of green meadows and grain-lands; grove-like orchards—fragrant with thick-blooming plum and apricot blossoms; fields and gardens sweet with color and redolence of luscious berries and succulent roots and grains; and in the near east a line of blue-hazed peaks exhaling cool airs that touched to absolute perfectness the dew-laden atmosphere of morning—this was the scene amidst which Eardly commenced his first work at the Parkes' farm. He was in the strawberry patch at the rear of the lot, filling boxes and baskets for the wagon to be driven to market in the city, and now and then paused for a moment, to draw in, with a long glance and breath, the beauty and fragrance filling the earth about him with absolute balm.

"It's a good thing Pa sent me to help you, if this is the way you work," said Prissie's laughing voice beside him. "The wagon won't reach town till noon, at this rate."

She knelt down near him, her smile showing the even, white teeth, and pink gums, which were one of the charms of her wholesome prettiness.

Her deft hands were quickly busy amidst the green, frond-like vines, where the luscious scarlet globes, pendant from their slim stems, hung like dainty trinkets amid the leaves.

As they chatted at their work, she turned with a sudden pretty gesture and held her stained fingers close to Eardly's face.

"See how sweet they smell," she said laughing, "It's nicer than scent!" Eardly quickly leaned forward and touched the red tips with his lips.

She withdrew them, her face flushing crimson.

"Oh!" she laughed confusedly, "If you want strawberries to eat so bad as that, I guess Pa won't miss one or two. Why, Eli Slade!" she exclaimed, the red in her face deepening, as she turned suddenly round; "You come still enough to have sprung from the ground."

The young man whom she addressed looked down at her with sullen eyes.

"Sorry I broke in on such a beautiful tabloo," he said, "but your father sent word if the wagon's goin' to town today we'd better start this mornin'."

He spoke with a disagreeable smile and tone that roused the girl's resentment.

"I don't know as *you* need to run Pa's errands," she retorted scathingly; "I guess Bud's around somewhere." Eli's face reddened.

"I shouldn't wonder if it *would* have suited you better to have Bud sent," he replied, with the same sneer as before. "He aint apt to see as much of what's goin' on round him as grown folks. I guess I'd better tell him to come and help fill them baskets if they're going in today's market."

He turned, with an awkward semblance of gaiety, and went away; but his sudden and permanent departure from the farm during the day, gave proof of the smart of jealousy and resentment awakened by the episode—a first cross in a courtship, which, ere Eardly's appearance, had almost blossomed into an engagement.

It was a month later.

Eardly, walking down the cool,

country road in the twilight, suddenly leaped the low rail fence surrounding a strip of meadow, and made his way towards the railway track.

He felt half ashamed of the impulse under which he acted; but since the rumor reached him that an attempt would be made to send a train down from the north during the day, he had not been able to conquer his apprehension. He knew the sentiment of the striking trainmen towards the young engineer who had played "scab" during the A. R. U. sensation, well enough to realize the double peril in this instance of such an undertaking; and this with the added fact of Prissie's expected arrival home at the first opportunity which might present itself, made him keenly anxious in regard to the recent news. She had been visiting relatives in the north, and had been detained for a week past by the strike—though eager to reach the bedside of her father, of whose illness she had been apprised by telegraph.

Avoiding the station, he kept on his way across the fields towards a spot where the rails crossed the river some three miles above the town.

It was the one point in the vicinity that might afford an opportunity for successful wreckage; and he was determined to settle his apprehension, at least with regard to this chance, of danger.

At some little distance from the spot, he came to a sudden standstill.

From a bend in the road some two blocks away, a bright light shot suddenly into view and advanced steadily through the darkness. It was the headlight of the engine bringing the train from the north.

In a moment Eardly reached the track, and strode out onto the ties which crossed the river. He stooped, and shook each of the rails successively; and as his hand touched the second one, he gave a cry of horror.

The bolts and spikes had been drawn out, leaving the rail loose to

spring aside at the first touch of the coming train.

In an instant Eardly darted forward along the track, shouting till the engine was close upon him. As he sprang aside, he saw Eli Slade lean from his place at the lever, and look out into the night.

Eardly once more yelled his warning; and the next moment, to his horror, saw Eli, without a moment's pause, jump from the engine.

For an instant Eardly stood paralyzed; then, he sprang forward and caught at the railing of the nearest car.

His fingers closed around it with a vise-like grasp; and swinging himself up to the platform, he sprang across on to the little coal car belonging to the engine.

The fireman at the instant of Eli's leap, had sounded "down brakes;" but dazed by Eardly's cry, and the engineer's desertion, in a moment of panic—following Eli's example he flung himself from the cab, without a glance at the lever.

While the train, therefore, was sturdily trying to respond to the brakeman's efforts, the engine was still dragging it forward along the track. Fearing that the distance was too short for the swift moving moter to slacken speed in time to save the train—Eardly climbed down and uncoupled the engine from the cars; then hastily scrambling into Eli's place, he quickly reversed the lever. Hardly had he done so when there was a sudden shake and roll of the engine as its wheels struck the loose rail; then it plunged forward into depth and darkness.

"Caught in his own trap," said one of the men, an hour later as they bore Eardly on a stretcher from the wreck. "Seems to me Providence couldn't have made things much squarer—he's the only one hurt except the fireman. It's where we'd all been, though, if Eli hadn't uncoupled the engine before he jumped."

"I guess Finly Parkes wont be boardling any more Commonwealers for awhile. It's a good lesson for him. I've expected right from the first something of this kind'd turn about to reward him, and I 'aint been disappointed. I'm only surprised it 'aint happened before!"

June again.

Down in the strawberry patch the red globes hung temptingly once more amid their tangle of green leaves; and Bud, keeping a wary eye on the couple standing at the gate leading into the fields, gorged himself with all the subtle satisfaction attendant upon a feast of forbidden fruit.

Unmindful of his presence, the unconscious pair talked on, till Prissie, turning suddenly, caught sight of the marauder and went hastily to her frequent task of suspending, temporarily, Bud's almost incessant application to the fruit-vines.

As she stood with Eli, watching the flight of her youthful relative over the fence—a result of her threat of summary punishment—a sudden memory of the episode enacted in the same spot a year ago, brought a quick rush of color to her face.

It came to Eli, too, and an awkward pause of embarrassment and self-consciousness arose between them. Eli broke it presently with blunt directness.

"I know what you're thinking of," he said; "and as far as I'm concerned it's all passed, and can be forgot. I don't want to hold any ill will against you or—or him either," he continued—his glance reverting to the near hillside—"and, now that it's all over between you and him, I want to give him his due." His eyes came back to Prissie's face for a moment, but shifted their gaze again as he went on.

"He never had anything to do with that wreck. He called out to warn us before we reached it. I believe 'twas him uncoupled the engine,

too. I saw him hanging on to it just before it plunged, anyway. I ain't said anything before, for it couldn't have done him any good; and it was only fair, after his sneaking in and cutting me out with you, to make the same even—if I could. I wouldn't have done it, if you hadn't showed you *cared*; but now we've made up, I am willing to make it all right as far as I can. I'd do the same thing over, though, for the same stake; a man aint to be blamed for what he does when he is in love."

The flush died out of Prissie's face; but there was a look in her eyes that transfigured her countenance.

Her gaze turned from Eli to the white dotted square on the hillside, in whose farthest corner was Eardly's last resting place.

"There's no use grieving over anything now," volunteered Eli hastily and impatiently as he saw her lips move tremulously.

"He's better off 'n he ever was on earth, for he does own six foot of it."

Prissie's eyes came back to him, startling him with their strange expression. "No," she said softly; "it's not much he ever had on earth; what he *earned* will have to be made up to him in another world. I'm glad I know—" She tried to go on, but failed from sobs that rose and choked her utterance—and turning, she went into the house—leaving him standing in the path.

"I'm thankful it was given me to know," said Finly Parkes when Prissie had told him—unconsciously echoing her unfinished sentence. "It's another chapter in the lesson that's been brought home to me, of what our cheap prejudices do in piling up the sum of wrong and injustice in the world. It seems to me" he went on, a moisture dimming his pale blue eyes, "it seems to me that about the worst hell some of us could have, hereafter, would be to

look back and see our lives as they are now, running round, and out, in their little ruts of selfishness, without any glance outside at the mountains of human misery piled up in sight. We'll realize plain enough

then, I guess, what Jesus had in His mind, when He commanded men to love their neighbors like themselves. The trouble is, though, the most of us won't see it till it's too late."

Josephine Spencer.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

XVIII.

ANALYSIS OF THE SERMON.—DIVISIONS.

My last chapter was devoted to showing the need of a definite purpose to talk to in the discussion; a purpose, the statement of which must be a clear and complete answer to the speaker's question: "What do I wish to accomplish?" Judging by the quality of their sermons the question is not asked by our Elders as often as it should be. For if it be asked in faith, the Spirit will not fail to reveal the answer. But will the answer be given when it is not asked? Hardly. God is not in the habit of bestowing gifts unsought. The Elder so little concerned about results as not to ask this question will not get the aid of inspiration. He will more likely be permitted to *talk right on* from the plenitude of his own vacuity. Let us not credit inspiration with what follows, lest we thereby credit the Spirit of truth with utterances whose disjointedness is a reproach to mere human intelligence.

Let us suppose, however, that the speaker has asked the question and that the purpose of his sermon is clear to his mind. His first question then must be: "*How* shall I accomplish it?" This is my present theme—*how* to proceed with a discussion in the most effective way.

My first care must be to impress the preacher with the need of definitely marked divisions in the discourse. Surely, says the reader, so obvious a fact cannot need to be impressed. Let us not be too certain.

If the need of divisions be so obvious, why do speakers among us so seldom adopt them? The fact is that while no sermon can proceed—move forward—without divisions, most speakers trust to the drift of their ideas, for finding them.

But this is trusting to the merest chance. In the case of all wandering talks, divisions definitely related to one another are not found at all, hence the aimlessness of the preaching. Where divisions *are* stumbled upon, there is no assurance that they will occur in the order most effective to the purpose, or that all the divisions essential to the purpose will be found, or that those found will be essential. Some may be germane to the proposition, others only incidental to it, while others, good in themselves, may serve only to distract attention from the point under discussion.

It is this blind trusting to the drift of ideas for those changes of topic so necessary to an all-sided discussion of a theme, that I am inveighing against. Such a course is nothing but a painful exhibition of mental vagrancy. When desultory habits of mind are manifested in any other occupation than preaching, the person is said to be thriftless and improvident. Such is the farmer with no other plan of work than the day forces upon him; and such also is the day laborer who lives a hand-to-mouth existence, always waiting for something to turn up.

A sermon is a structure. It is made up of parts definitely related. It is therefore just as subject to laws

of construction as a house. There is no need to trust to the drift of ideas to determine the shape of it. What would be thought of an architect who modified his plans each day just as the masons happened to build? What I contend for is that the plan should determine the sermon, not the sermon, the plan. Our Elders should be architects capable of keeping the whole structure in view while building any part; not mere bricklayers, blind to everything save trowel and plummet.

It seems like wasting breath to argue that a thing made up of parts must be built by parts, and that he who would construct the whole must not leave the cutting and fitting of the parts to mere guess work. What conditions have prevented our Elders generally from applying to preaching this simple reasoning—reasoning which is so obvious when applied to everything else they do? Perhaps the fact that to put conscious attention upon the manner of preaching has by many been counted irreverent, must largely answer for sermons that proceed without definite order. But there is another cause. The impression is general among Latter-day Saints that this plan of pre-arranging divisions in a discourse is one of the glaring artificialities of sectarian preaching.

Nor is this prejudice unfounded, for the plan of proceeding by topics is not without its abuses. If a tree have but little foliage, it should have but few branches, otherwise its unfruitfulness becomes glaring. Where a sermon on some meagre theme is spun out to the "forty-fifthly" point, an exactly similar impression is conveyed to the audience. The skeleton, although so essential to the beauty of symmetry in man, is a most hideous thing to look upon when divested of its fleshly covering. In like manner the sermon whose frame-work protrudes at every joint, give us the impression of something withered and dried up.

What then? Can we have human

beings without skeletons? "Skin and bones" will always be an unpleasant object to contemplate whether in the human being or the sermon. The remedy is not to take out the bones which in the case of the sermon would result in the hash-talk so common now—a dead thing in which no spirit can reside—but in clothing this frame-work till it reach the point of beauty and symmetry, and above all, in breathing into it the breath of life.

Angularity in preaching is not always due, however, to poverty of clothing material. More often it results from carelessness on the part of the preacher in not concealing the scaffolding. That a frame-work is necessary to support his thought, is no excuse for thrusting this frame-work upon a congregation. But preachers who thus offend good taste, seem to imagine that what is good to guide the speaker must be good to guide the listener. It is perhaps this thought which leads sectarian divines to mark their divisions "firstly," secondly," "tenthly," etc., to the disgust of our Elders who cannot tolerate any show of artificiality. But suppose this ostentatious show of numbering the items were not indulged in, would the sermon not be better for the careful analysis which makes such numbering possible?

A more real objection to successive topics in the plan of a discourse, is where the divisions become cast-iron in their exactness. In such a case, there is no opportunity to take advantage of thoughts which the inspiration of the occasion may suggest. The remedy is not to do away with divisions, but to make them flexible enough to include all contemporaneous ideas likely to aid the sermon.

It is hardly profitable to continue in this strain, answering objections that have never been made. Few of the Elders whom I hope to benefit by this discussion have thought enough about sermon-making to urge an argument for or against the purpose of

my present theme. To discuss difficulties which cannot be understood because not yet encountered, is like setting up straw men and knocking them down again. But as it is desirable that Elders should become judges in this matter by reason of actual trial, following further considerations are urged, for adopting divisions in the discourse.

1.—Divisions promote perspicuity. Perspicuity is clearness from the standpoint of the audience. No quality is more important; for on it hinges all other qualities. A hearer has but one chance to get the thought of a speaker. He cannot, like the reader, go back and re-read a passage whose drift he fails to catch. Any device, therefore, which aids him to understand a sermon as fast as it is uttered, is of prime importance. Divisions are clearly such a device, if followed logically. One sees more clearly the flight of an arrow when the target is in view.

2.—Divisions promote comprehensiveness. It is not possible to treat a subject from all its sides if the speaker relies simply upon the drift of thought for change of topic. But by a conscious pre-arrangement of topics, all the necessary aspects of a theme will be likely to come in for discussion in their proper order.

3.—Divisions promote unity of discussion. Topics will of course be arranged with reference to the development of some one leading thought. This thought could not be made a unit without such a pre-arrangement; setting off one argument against another, emphasizing this aspect, shading that, as the nature of the theme may demand. Can a complex machine be constructed to work as a unit, unless the size, shape and adjustment of each separate part be fully understood? No more can a sermon.

4.—Divisions promote progress. One of the essentials of a sermon is that it shall move forward. Nothing is more exasperating than preaching

which merely beats time, or moves round and round and gets nowhere. Topics successively arranged for treatment not only help the speaker to avoid repetition, but like mile-stones along a dreary road, they give a congregation an exhilarating idea that they are getting somewhere.

5.—Divisions promote brevity and conciseness. Just as articles of various shapes and sizes can be packed into a much smaller space when properly classified, so ideas definitely and logically arranged take much less time in the telling.

6.—Divisions promote interest. Whatever gives a sense of clearness, order, unity, and progress cannot fail to arouse interest. We are interested in that which we understand, in that which shows evidence of design, and in that which we perceive is moving forward. The opposite of these qualities: obscurity, confusion, movement without progress, tends to dissipate attention and interest.

7.—Divisions promote permanence of impression. Memory is dependent (1) upon intensity of impression and (2) upon systematic association. A well classified theme insures both these results; the first, by reason of interest; the second, by reason of logical arrangement. We fail to remember detached bits of knowledge. Fragmentary sermons, if they leave impressions at all, do so by reason of our minds doing the neglected work of classifying or associating the truths thrown out. But how much time or inclination is there to do this work during the progress of a rambling talk?

Now begins the most difficult part of this discussion. For if I have succeeded in making it seem desirable that the proposition should be followed by well arranged divisions, the question, how to proceed in arranging such divisions, is at once raised. The difficulty lies in want of power by many of my readers to apperceive what is necessary to say

in answer to the question. A majority of the young Elders for whom I write—the very ones that most need this information—are not familiar with the principles underlying composition; that is, they have never studied grammar or rhetoric. Accustomed to “talk right on,” they have stored up but few experiences that can be appealed to for illustration. If they, in speaking, pass from one division to another, they are perhaps unconscious of it, and feel by retrospect only a vague notion that this was the best thing to do to prove the point under consideration. If successful in a sermon, they are content to say simply, “It was the Spirit that spoke,” when they *should* note carefully *how* the Spirit led them to speak. If conscious of a failure, they are content to feel badly over it in a dumb way, when they *should* carefully analyze the failure to discover, if possible, the causes of it. Thus they have no *basis of knowledge* for the apperception of what must be said on this subject. It will therefore be necessary to furnish both warp and woof in the discussion that follows.

It might be remarked as a preliminary that with no other guide than an earnest desire, an Elder will not fail to find some way to divide a subject so as to admit of more or less intelligent and effective discussion. Native common sense will guide him. Indeed, this must guide him under any circumstances, theory or no theory. He, therefore, who consciously puts to himself the question, “How shall I divide this subject?” will make a discussion far more complete and comprehensive than he who simply “goes it blind.”

It might also be added in the same connection, that it would be much easier for me to suggest divisions in a given subject than to formulate rules to guide the speaker in the case of subjects in general.

Consider first the elements that must determine the nature of di-

visions. These are: 1. The qualifications of the hearers. Are they cultured or uncultured? Are they capable of prolonged attention? Are they in the habit of giving voluntary attention, or must attention be excited solely by arousing interest? If the latter, what will arouse interest? That is, what emotions are active? Divisions will be modified just as these questions are answered.

2. The ability of the speaker. Is he a thinker or a thought-gatherer? What is the range of his information? Manifestly what a man has to say on a subject must determine what he can set for himself to say. He will not put in a division of which he knows nothing, however necessary, intrinsically, this division may be to the completeness of the sermon. From this circumstance it will be seen that every preacher must divide his own theme. A poorly made shoe that actually fits the foot is more serviceable than a perfectly constructed boot a mile too large.

3. The nature of the theme. As I cannot take into account the complexion of individual congregations or individual preachers, and as that which I shall have to say in a general way as to the influence of these two factors, belongs under another head, I take up the third factor at once.

It must be plain that all subjects will not admit of being divided by the same general principle, just as no one key will unlock all doors. A sermon should, above all things unfold, in a natural order, if we can discover what that is. No two trees in an orchard have an identical arrangement of limbs and branches. Nevertheless, each species conforms to general laws of division, else we should be unable to distinguish one kind from another. Sometimes the distinction is very marked, as between the poplar and the apple; in other cases trifling, as between the peach and apricot. Similar likenesses and differences we should undoubtedly find in the natural evolu-

tion of sermons, did we but study them with half the attention given to horticulture. Only a few of these varieties can be noticed in this article.

1.—The order of division may often need to be determined by logical necessity. That is, one topic of a theme cannot be touched till some other topic has paved the way for it. Such a logical order is recognized as running through the entire scheme of salvation. Gradation in any study depends upon this principle. Milk before strong meat, was Paul's way of putting it. Missionaries who do not keep this principle of division in view, are apt to make fatal errors. A Methodist preacher in Virginia poisoned several counties against myself and companions by publishing extracts from the revelations given to the Prophet Joseph Smith. A truth out of joint is often mistaken for a lie. Too much sunshine may affect a bed of flowers in quite the same way as an untimely frost. How many Latter-day Saints, think you, could keep their faith unblighted were they suddenly permitted to read the Doctrine and Covenants as angels read it?

A single instance will suffice to illustrate the division which turns upon logical consequence. Let the proposition be: What constitutes true repentance? This theme is then appropriately treated under these five heads: 1.—Recognition. 2.—Regret. 3.—Resolution. 4.—Restitution. 5.—Reformation. It must be plain that there can be no repentance unless there be first a recognition of sin. So the recognition of a wasted life can hardly escape being followed by regret, or godly sorrow, as Paul puts it. The next logical step must as surely be a resolution to sin no more. But "the road to hell is paved with good resolutions." To be genuine and fruitful, repentance must seek to restore or make restitution as far as it is in the sinner's power. The last step—

and this is the work of a lifetime if not of an eternity—is reformation, or a gradual growth toward the likeness of God.

One word here as to the striving for uniqueness in the statement of divisions. The above arrangement of five R's is, if I mistake not, by Professor G. H. Brimhall and Dr. M. H. Hardy, both of whom are remarkable for verbal devices to aid the memory. When, as in this case, the distinctions actually turn upon thought, alliteration and similar artifices must be commended as assisting both speaker and hearer, not only in the clearness with which thought may be developed, but also in the readiness with which it may be recalled. But the constant danger of such classification is artificiality—a tendency to base distinctions on sound rather than sense. Only the keenest of thinkers should trust to this process of double association in the naming of topics.

2.—The order of discussion will often turn upon the principle of cause and effect, or of effect and cause. Themes that fall under this head may generally be treated in either of these orders. When causes are discussed before effects the sermon is generally analytical or deductive. When effects are discussed and the causes afterward traced, the sermon becomes synthetic or inductive. The latter is especially valuable in the narrative form of preaching.

Let the proposition be the familiar proverb: "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." By the first method the theme divides itself perhaps as follows: (1) Which are the forms of idleness? (a) Physical vagrancy, as street loitering, all play and no work, downright laziness; (b) mental vagrancy, as fireside moping, listlessness in school, skimming in reading and inattention to work in hand; (c) social vagrancy, as time given to improper companions, late hours, vicious amusements, poisonous literature; (d) moral and religious va-

grancy, as neglected training in respect and reverence for parents and love of home, habitual unwillingness to take part in family prayer, refusal to attend religious meetings or read religious books, the growth of dishonesty under the name of smartness, and of revengefulness under the name of manhood. Idleness as here used is simply neglect or refusal to take the exercise necessary to the proper development of any power of mind or body. (2) What results when these forms of idleness become habits? (a) Ignorance, physically, mentally, socially, morally, religiously and consequently an inability to enjoy life. (b) Animal passions and appetites; as drinking, smoking, carousing, debauchery. (c) Pauperism, a hand to mouth existence. (d) Crime and misery. Not all these perhaps, but any of them, may result from idleness.

Instead of giving all the causes first and effects afterwards, each separate cause and effect may be matched. In the second method, the effects are studied first, and the causes traced in the lives of people exhibiting such effects.

Cause and effect themes have to do with the most vital concerns of our lives. The dealings of God with man, rewards and punishments whether in this life or in the next, all come under this head. A very little thought as to divisions will swell any theme, as in the case cited, quite beyond the limits of an hour's discourse; and the matter will generally be practical and to the point.

3.—Some subjects admit of discussion under the order of genus and species or vice versa. Where the intention is mainly to convey clear-cut, useful information, this is perhaps the best division. This was a favorite method of our Savior, as witness these examples:

(1) *Genus*: Sowing of the Gospel seed. *Species*: (a) The seed that fell by the wayside; (b) the seed that fell on stony places; (c) the seed

that fell among thorns; (d) the seed that fell in good soil.

(2) *Genus*: The spirit of the Ten Commandments. *Species*: (a) Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, and strength; (b) thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

(3) *Genus*: People that shall be blessed. *Species*: (a) The poor in spirit; (b) They that mourn; (c) the meek; (d) they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; (e) the merciful; (f) the pure in heart; (g) the peacemakers; (h) they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

The method of statement and illustration comes under this order of treatment. Every proposition is a genus, and the examples educed in support of it are the species. This is the method by which science proceeds—the method of classification. It is, therefore, peculiarly adapted to the lecture which aims at instruction by enlarging the horizon of knowledge.

In this connection let me call attention to the commendable outlines of study prepared for the M. I. Manual by Assistant General Superintendents M. H. Hardy and G. H. Brimhall. The analysis of lectures, as published every month in the CONTRIBUTOR, cannot fail, wherever followed out, to teach clearness and consecutiveness of thought. Take this syllabus for example:

Theme: The History of the Gadianton Robbers. *Divisions*: (1) The origin. (2) The organization: (a) Its nature (b) its object; (c) the social condition of the community at the time; (d) the arch conspirators; (e) the operators; (f) the supporters; (g) temporary banishment from the Lamanites; (h) its encouragement and popularity among the Nephites, especially in political circles; (i) the extinction of the organization and the burial of the secret oaths. (3) The re-organization in the mountain retreat. (4) The raid upon the citizens. (5) The

second robber war. (6) The surrender of the robbers.

Now, who could ask for a more admirable plan than this—for a book about the Gadianton Robbers? Its very clearness and definiteness invite thought and study. The mind has something to grapple with at every step. Compare the logical development of the lecture which proceeds under this plan with the wandering talk about Gadianton Robbers which must result from having no plan. You will then be prepared to appreciate the advice I am about to give, which is this: Let the Elders whose aimlessness I have scored so unmercifully, set to work and prepare the lectures blocked out in the M. I. Manual, and deliver them also if they can find an audience. I know of no discipline more likely to benefit mind-wandering.

Having said so much by way of commendation, I can afford a single adverse criticism. One feels like indulging a smile when remembering that these are ten-minute lecture plans. The one I have quoted covers a very moderate patch of ground, indeed, as compared with some of them, which occupy a whole column of the CONTRIBUTOR. There are plans in this manual which it would puzzle the authors themselves to get through with in ten hours.

But even here let me be quite just. These lectures were probably planned not so much for the short time allotted to their delivery as for the pressing need of systematic and exhaustive private study. The latter object, by far the more important for beginners, cannot fail of happy realization, if the course laid down be followed carefully. As to the former, the art of speaking, one or two things will happen with such extensive plans. If the speaker tries to cover the ground, he can touch only surface relations, and is, therefore, in danger of contracting the hop, skip, and jump habit so prevalent among preachers who gather thought

rather than think it. Or if his mind be given to *intension* rather than *extension*, that is, if he be a thinker, he will scarcely have finished a single division when his time is up. The foundations of an immense structure have thus scarcely been laid, when out of very necessity the work must be left to the elements.

This talking at the edge of a subject, as one might nibble at an iceberg, tends to develop the habit of being satisfied with disproportioned work; the habit of starting and not concluding, or of hastily forcing a conclusion in much the same way as the half-finished walls of a building are sometimes roofed by canvas when a storm threatens. A plan for a sermon ought never to include more matter than can be elaborated within the time set for it.

4.—Almost every subject is divisible upon a psychological basis. The mind has but three general capabilities. These are knowing, feeling, and willing. He who is familiar with mind-activity, will find no difficulty in dividing on this plan. The success of a teacher depends upon this very thing—ability to fit the knowledge to the child's stage of mind-growth and activity; a condition which varies with age. Let the preacher ask himself what will be the effect of this topic given first, and how will it leave the mind to receive the next division, and the practical knowledge which he has picked up concerning the laws of the mind, will enable him to make approximately correct divisions on this principle.

5.—Many subjects admit of clearest treatment by the chronological order. Such are, travels, mission reports, biographies, histories, narratives, etc. Care should be taken to group facts and events about some person or date easily kept in mind. This leads naturally to discussion by "periods" or "epochs"—stretches of time during which one series of events continues to act. No method

of discussion can more dismally fail to impress an audience than that in which a multitude of dates and events follow one another without respect to the weakness of the nineteenth century memory. Yet this is the very sort of jumble we must often listen to in mission reports and other sermons that adopt the historical arrangement. If there is one kind of literature more trying to the reader than another it is that whose ideas are tied together by endless expressions like, "followed by," "after which," "and then," "succeeded by," etc. This order of movement is perhaps tolerable in minutes, though the minute-taker might often spare his readers if he would. But when it occurs in the sermon, there is but one arrangement beyond it in producing weariness. This is the "we find" sermon.

6.—In argumentative discourse the order of division should be that of rhetorical force. Arguments will seldom be of equal weight. The necessity of climax demands that the lighter shall precede the heavier. Thus negative arguments will pave the way for positive, presumptive for probable, and proximate for conclusive. The finest examples of this arrangement will be found in the pleas of skillful lawyers before a jury. The method is, however, equally valuable before a congregation; for what is a congregation but a jury on a larger scale?

7.—In general, divisions must be contrived so as to secure a constantly increasing interest on the part of hearers. This can be done by starting in with the remote and ending with the near; treating first the general aspects of a subject, then gradually narrowing it, till it touch the

confines of what is direct and personal. All good sermons, let them begin where they may, must end in the concrete; must enter the domain of our daily thoughts and experiences—bringing thither, from the eternal heights of revelation, pure, sparkling rivulets of truth to refresh our lives and invigorate our withering purposes. For it is not enough that a sermon shall refresh us. It must stimulate. As in Nathan's parable, there must be no mistaking the conclusion: "Thou art the man."

N. L. Nelson.

NOTE.—It is with reluctance that I say good-by for a season to the readers who have kindly followed these articles on preaching. I am under definite contract to begin another series in the seventh number of the CONTRIBUTOR, and must, therefore close this series, though it be scarcely more than half completed. I am quite aware that by thus breaking off in the middle, I place myself among the most conspicuous violators of the principles set down in this very chapter. I am proud, however, to be classed among my brethren. We shall try to get out of the woods together. As stated in the opening chapter, this was an untried mission. It was difficult to determine the length of it. By confining myself to general principles I could have completed in twelve numbers the work undertaken. But my experience as a teacher taught me that abstract principles unaided by examples must result in a discussion that would only burden the pages of the CONTRIBUTOR. I trust that in the near future I shall find time to revise and complete this work and place it upon the market in a form more serviceable to Elders interested in preaching.

N. L. N.

PRECIOUS GIFTS.

One of the most powerful agencies that the Lord has given to His children to soften their hearts and smooth

out the hard lines of their characters is the gift of children. These innocent little creatures, coming as they

do in such purity from the lap of eternity, possess the power to soften the hardest heart and to lead men and women, so long as they submit to the influence of a child, to better and nobler lives. Of course there are some creatures so depraved that the innocence of childhood fails to penetrate their souls, but such beings, thank God, are very rare.

Children inherit more or less the dispositions, the good or evil traits of their parents, and yet experiments which have been tried in various places, notably in England, have shown that the offspring of even the most vicious parents, when taken in charge in their early years and kept under proper influences until they reach boyhood and girlhood, do develop such habits and desires as are beneficial to the human race. Out of one hundred children of the most depraved and hardened criminals in England, it was found that eighty-four were fully redeemed from the life of sin into which they would have been thrown had their care and training been left with their parents. The remaining sixteen children out of the one hundred did not display any particular viciousness, but exhibited mischievousness which would undoubtedly have eventually resulted in crime. This and other experiments prove that even hereditary traits may be overcome by an exercise of proper care.

If the children of wicked parents can thus be trained to goodness, what may we not expect of those children who inherit nothing but goodness from their ancestors? We may well consider them as angels, for they can grow in perfection until they become almost like holy beings operating among the human family.

There are many illustrations of the power of children upon criminals, as well as upon people generally, one of the most interesting of which comes from a prison in New Bedford, Massachusetts, where a prisoner called Jim was serving out a life's

sentence. Until last spring he was regarded as a dangerous and desperate man. No daring plan of escape was formed nor was any rebellion undertaken unless he was at the head of it. He obeyed orders, but only did so because of the superior force around him. He kept his own counsel, though it was very evident from every word and look of his that he needed only an opportunity to commit some further deed of crime in order to affect his escape.

One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One of them was an old gentleman, the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and told the party to begin climbing the stairs.

Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him: "Jim, won't you help this little girl up the stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, when the little girl held out her hand and said: "If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

The scowl instantly vanished and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him, and at the head of the stairs she said: "Now, you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man and no prisoner gives less trouble.

Another incident of this character is related in a recent eastern paper concerning one of the horrible prisons which are so numerous in certain Russian provinces: A colonel was appointed to take charge of one of these prisons which was crowded with convicts. His wife, kind at heart, desired in some philanthropic way to serve the prisoners under her husband's charge, many of whom were women of the most depraved type. Instead of their incarceration effect-

ing a reform in their characters, it only seemed to harden them, the females becoming even more unmanageable than were the men. One morning, accompanied by the nurse who had the baby in her arms, the wife took a walk in the prison yard. All at once she was filled with a nervous dread for fear some harm should come to the infant. As soon as the women prisoners caught a glimpse of the child they crowded about it with peculiar demonstrations which the mother feared were hostile. She gave a shriek and placed herself in front of the child to protect it and the guards hastened to her assistance. Instead of the women indulging in abuse, however, they broke into raptures over the baby and one after another begged piteously for the privilege of holding the child, if for only a moment, in their arms. They peered into the little one's face and many of them broke down with tears streaming down their cheeks.

A happy thought struck the colonel's wife, and requesting order she promised that, "the best conducted woman of all at the end of the week will be allowed to tend the baby for half an hour."

That spirit of love which God has planted deep in every woman's heart was aroused even in these hardened criminals, whom neither punishment nor kindness had till then been able to subdue. At the end of the week it seemed almost impossible to decide which of the women was most worthy of caring for the child, all had been so circum-spect and cautious, in the hope of gaining this coveted honor. Weekly visits were paid by the little reformer to the prison yard, and the change which occurred in the conduct of the prisoners seemed almost incredible to any except those who witnessed it.

What a happy, blessed thing it would be if all children in early youth were as thoughtful in their manner towards the wretched as the group in a recent street incident,

which was described by one of our papers. There is hope for he fallen so long as love is left, and human hearts do not forget kindness:

Such wild eyes! Such matted hair! Such strange thoughts as came to her brain as she staggered along the street! A drunken man is an object of pity,—a drunken woman is a terrible sight. She loses every good emotion, every womanly feeling, and her eyes look so much like the eyes of a mad wolf, that passers give her the walk and shudder as they meet her. The woman muttered her wild thoughts as she staggered along, and she clutched the air as if she saw enemies on every side. By-and-by she fell down beside the fence, groaned, and mumbled, and muttered, and then ceased further efforts to retain her feet. Children gathered around her, not to torment her, not to make sport of her condition, but to feel awed and mystified at the shocking sight. They were like shadows dancing before her blurred vision, and she held out her arms and muttered—

"You wouldn't hurt an old woman, would you?"

"I wouldn't dare hurt you," replied a lad of eight or nine. "You are somebody's mother—you may have a boy just as big as me."

"Mother—boy!" she muttered, trying to steady her gaze. "So I have got a boy—so I have!"

"And won't he be afraid when the dark comes?" innocently asked the lad.

His words seemed to touch a chord in her heart. She drew herself up, reached out a trembling hand to the children, and there were tears in her eyes as she whispered—

"I'd forgotten that I had a boy. He will be waiting at the gate. I'm going right home."

Her step was still unsteady, but she did not fall again; and as her form was lost in the twilight the children sat on the grass and whispered to each other—

"What will her boy say?" *Novo.*

AN IRISH TALE.

A WARNING TO THE UNDUTIFUL.

It was by the winter's hearth that a friend related the following tale:

During a tour through the county of Mayo, Ireland, some years ago, it chanced that while in the village of Killimavee, I became the guest of an old time friend—an Irish gentleman of the old school, blessed with a vast estate, and whose hospitality rivalled that of the southern planters of my own land.

The evening was closing fast as we bent our steps in company through the straggling fisher village toward the cottage of a neighboring peasant. The attraction that drew us thither was a wake held over the body of Dermot Joyce's daughter, who, after a lingering illness, had died that day.

The house gave evidence of thrift and comfort on the part of its tenants, and the throng already gathered, showed that the Joyces were not without friends to offer them a kindly word and sympathy for their grief.

Pausing to give a greeting of condolence to the old couple, who sat dumb with woe beside their dead, we took our seats in a corner of the room.

On a table lay the corpse, wrapped in a shroud, with lighted candles at its head and feet. The face was that of a girl of twenty, whose emaciated features bore evidence of the ravages of the illness to which she had succumbed. On the wall above hung a crucifix and picture of the virgin, and on the corpse's breast lay a plate heaped with tobacco, from which each one present, as he or she paused beside the body to make the sign of the cross and breathe a prayer for the soul of the dead, was at liberty to fill and smoke a pipe—tobacco thus consumed being popularly considered as possessed of superior magical properties, conducive to the health and longevity of the smoker.

Our entrance caused a momentary

lull, which, after the universal greeting of, "God save ye, sor!" and we had sat down, broke out afresh.

A motley throng of peasants filled the house, their numbers constantly augmented by fresh arrivals. While the old people hovered like crows about the corpse, the younger withdrew to other quarters, to spark and lark away from the reproving eye of their elders; and the expostulation of some fair colleen, called forth by the teasing of her beau, or the shout of laughter that greeted the cracking of a joke at the expense of some gallant, clashed harshly with the sounds of mourning from the death chamber, and the wild, weird minor note of the *ulican*, or funeral cry, that rose shrill and piercing from the old women, who rocked themselves back and forth, slapping their palms and beating their shriveled breasts as they recited in wailing tones the virtues of the dead, and prayed for the repose of its soul. The bedlam of woe was in striking contrast to the silent sorrow of the couple most afflicted, who sat by the remains of their only child apparently oblivious to all else about them. Their forms quivered now and then with mighty sobs, but they gave no other sign.

The evening wore on, and the tide of newcomers had abated. Those present gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour—not through disrespect for the dead, or the grief of the living, but because it is the custom on such occasions, and a wake is dear to the heart of every Irish peasant.

The mingled sounds of mirth and mourning were at their height, when a sudden silence fell as the form of an old woman appeared in the open doorway. She was enveloped in an ample cloak; her grizzled locks strayed over her wrinkled brow; in her quick roving eyes gleamed the light of insanity.

"'Tis Mad Molsh!" went round the whisper.

Her glance swept the room. Then kneeling on the threshold and stretching forth her arms, she cried in a quavering, querulous tone.

"God save and comfort all in this house this night!"

"God save ye kindly!" was the response. "Come in, an' welkim, mother!"

She entered the room swiftly, and bending over the corpse, gazed long and earnestly at the pallid features; then turned and confronted the mother.

"Heaven be yer comfort; a mother's woe responds to yer own!" she said. "Tell me, *allanna*, how died she—wid the curse on her lip?"

"Heaven forbid!" was the shuddering reply.

"Or wid evil in her heart?"

"No, no? She was ever the dutiful daughter."

"Oh, thin," cried the old woman, wildly, "thrice blessed is the dead!—her bed is in heaven this night! And thrice blessed is the mother that bore her, that she knows not the keen sorrow that has broken my heart!"

With streaming eyes and dishevelled hair she knelt beside the rude bier, and raising her clasped hands, turned to the picture of the Virgin, as she cried:

"Queen av Hiven! is mortal mother's love more great then thine? Forgive my erring child, even as I have forgiven her! Take off the curse that lies heavy upon her, an' which sears my heart wid Purgatory's fire. Let her rest in Heaven tonight, even as the sowl av this poor girrl is in glory this blissed hour! *Weirasthru, mavourneen machree!* My blessin' an the dead!"

So saying; she arose, and pressing a kiss on the cold brow, departed into the night.

"Now tell me," I said to my friend, upon our return from the house of mourning, "what is the

story of Mad Molsh, and what meant she by her wild words?"

"'Tis not much of a story, I fear," was the rejoinder; "at best it is no better than one of the old woman's tales so common to all Ireland. In it, as in all, fact and fancy are so mixed together that the modicum of the former is lost in the abundance of the latter. But, if you hope for favor while in contact with these people, you should never presume to question their legends, nor attempt to separate the true from the false. Old Molsh is an attendant at every wake and funeral in the neighborhood, at each of which she enacts the same dramatic part which she filled at the Joyce's wake. Whether the story concerning her is a vagary of her own crazed brain, or a creation born of the excited imaginations of the superstitious villagers, I will not determine.

"According to the tale which has met with the greatest popularity, old Molsh McGroarty, a poor but industrious widow, had an only child, a daughter—a wild and wayward girl and graceless wench, who grew in idleness as she grew in years. Many a sad heartache did she cause her fond mother, whose love was lavished on a being in whose bosom it met with no response.

"It was up early and down late with the widow, who must needs work hard for the support of her daughter and herself. But not so with the daughter. She arose when it pleased her although it were not till midday. She offered not to assist her mother at her task, nor do ought to lighten the burden of her labor. Her time was spent with the shiftless ones of the village, exploring the fields and ruins, searching for a leprechaun and the pot of gold of which tradition says a fairy knows the hiding place; this she would do in preference to minding the geese on the common, or attending to other duties far more likely to reward her with a penny.

“Finally, the widow’s much enduring patience became exhausted by her daughter’s idle ways and the talk it aroused in the village. One day, on the girl refusing to perform some task which was required of her, the mother seized her and for the first time in her life began to administer a much deserved but long delayed thrashing, which, had it been bestowed upon earlier and more frequent occasions, might have been productive of far better results. As it was, the girl had barely received a dozen blows when she wrenched herself free from her mother’s clutch and turning like a fury, struck her in the face so fiercely with her clenched right fist as to stagger the good woman; then, not content with her assault, the ingrate fell to cursing her mother with oaths and invectives of the most fearful description.

“Let it not be supposed that retribution was slow to overtake so wicked and unnatural a being as could thus lift hand and voice against a parent. In the midst of her curses the unhappy girl fell in a fit at her mother’s feet and expired.

“The poor widow’s grief was pitiful, for she loved her daughter dearly, despite the latter’s evil ways and last crowning exhibition of ingratitude. The wake which followed was attended by all the villagers, and there was not one among them but agreed that her sudden and fearful death was a judgment on the girl for her wicked act.

“She was buried in the lonely churchyard. A host of sympathizing friends accompanied the sorrowing mother to her daughter’s last resting place. The priest had performed the final rites and departed. The grave had been filled; those present were about to go their several ways.

“Suddenly a low murmur of horror ran through the assembled groups. Fear struck to their hearts and held them chained to the spot.

Slowly pushing its way up through the grave a white hand appeared; as slowly it rose, until all to the wrist was above the mound—when it remained still and motionless, pointing significantly upward to heaven.

“‘God between us and harm! A curse is on the dead! ’Tis the hand that sthruck her mother!’

“A scream thrilled the air; a form rushed forth from the throng, and stood convulsed with grief beside the grave. Tossing her arms wildly above her head, the mother shrieked:

“‘Forgive her, Heaven, as I have forgiven her! Take off the curse from my darlin’? Let not her sowl wander unshriven, lost an’ lone in long, dark night! Forgive her, Heaven!’ and with a piercing cry she fell back senseless.

“As some ran for the priest, others bore the unconscious widow to her humble cabin and devoted themselves to the task of reviving her, while they crossed themselves devoutly and muttered prayers for the lost soul of the dead.

“But when the priest heard the story, he shook his head sadly. He knew a judgment was on the dead for her sin in striking and cursing her mother.

“‘I am powerless to absolve her,’ said he. ‘The utmost I can do is to offer masses for her soul, trusting that when the fires of Purgatory have cleansed her of the sin, she will be forgiven and received into the fold of the blest.’

“And that very day he began the masses.

“The story spread like wild-fire. Not one in the parish but heard it ere night. From that day to this, none have dared to venture near the accursed grave; from which, the story goes, the white hand remained thrust forth, a ghastly warning to disobedience, until the flesh rotted, and the winds scattered the bones. ’Tis no longer visible save at midnight; when its spectral shape flickers

above the mound 'til cock crow, when it vanishes.

"The widow was restored to consciousness, but reason had fled, and she became the mad creature that she is. She lives alone in her lonely hut, subsisting on the contributions of the charitable. No figure is more familiar at wakes and funerals than hers. Everybody knows her, and all have a kindly word for poor Mad Molsh."

"A weird tale, truly," said I, as my friend closed. "But may not the nightly appearance of the spectral hand flickering above the mound have its origin in nothing more supernatural than the luminous lights arising from the decomposition of the corpse in the grave? Such gases are common to all graveyards having poor drainage and places for moisture to collect; and, perchance,

seen by Mad Molsh or some passing peasant in the night, it has furnished the hint for the subsequent elaboration of the story, which the maniac associating with the sudden death of her daughter, has believed to be a judgment on the latter's soul."

My friend smiled. "Your theory," said he, "is at once ingenious and plausible. But, as I said before, one must not question too closely these stories of the peasants, nor try to explain them by an elaborate exegetical discussion concerning the relations of cause and effect. Whatever the cause, the tale at least, has had the effect of a salutary warning to all idle, vicious and disobedient children who might otherwise have been a sad sorrow to those who gave them being."

Clarence L. Lower.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

A FEW days ago the writer was told of the drowning of a man in Snake River, who was merely crossing what he thought was a shallow part of the stream, but which proved to be too swift for his animal and it lost its footing resulting in the death of the rider. This man it was said had been a fisherman and had lived nearly all his life near large bodies of water. He had become an expert swimmer, and was accustomed to streams of almost every size and character. It seems strange that he who was thus, it would appear, adapted to preserve his life in an occupation which had for so many years claimed his attention should meet his death under such circumstances. Yet it seems that men who are exposed to danger constantly, often become careless and thus lose their lives at times and in ways least expected.

It is a singular fact that many great generals pass through years of hard fighting without receiving a single wound. Of course this exemption

is less remarkable in the case of those who never enter the thickest of the fight, but direct the movements of the army from distant points. But when, like Napoleon at the bridges of Lodi and Arcola, they lead their troops at the most dangerous crisis of a battle, going themselves into the most exposed parts of the field, it is not wonderful that their singular preservation should lead them to believe in a protecting Providence or fate.

General Mandragon, a famous Spanish veteran in the wars of Philip II., was in more than a hundred battles. Though often reckless in exposing himself, he was never wounded, and seemed to bear a charmed life. His soldiers spoke of him as one who was invulnerable. On a certain occasion he was in a castle which was blown up. All the other inmates were killed, but he and his wife escaped unharmed. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-two years.

There are numerous instances on

record where men have seemed to be shielded by a divine power from the danger to which they are so fully exposed. Every school boy has doubtless read of the marvelous preservation of Washington from the bullets of an Indian who shot at him so often without effect that the marksman, became frightened, and supposed Washington was some great spirit who could not be harmed by weapons of man. The fact was Washington had an unfulfilled work to do in directing the Continental armies to a successful issue in the war with Great Britain, and the Lord preserved his life for that and other purposes.

An incident very similar to that told of Washington is related concerning Stonewall Jackson, that great general of the Southern Confederacy. Just before the battle of Chancellorsville where Hooker was defeated by a terrible surprise in his rear, three stragglers belonging to a western regiment, one of whom was a sharp shooter, caught sight of Jackson standing in the edge of the forest reconnoitering the position of the Union forces. The sharp shooter who was a rough, profane man, known as "Old Pete" took deadly aim with his rifle at the general from a window of an empty house. An observer says:

It seemed like cold-blooded assassination. I could almost count the buttons on Jackson's coat, and there seemed no escape for him. I was watching him when the rifle cracked. He had a field glass to his eye, and the only movement we could see was a quick motion of the head, as if the bullet had cut close to his ear. The glass was not even lowered. "Old Pete" swore as he realized his failure, but in a minute was ready again.

"I hope never to draw another breath if I don't kill him!" he muttered, as he knelt down. Jackson did not face us as before, yet was a good mark even for a musket. We

watched him as before, and this time the bullet must have swept past his face, as he dodged his face backward. The field glass went down then, but he raised it in an instant and went on with his survey.

"Have I got to be a fool, or have I grown blind," howled Pete, as he looked down upon his unharmed victim. "I'll kill him this time or shoot myself in this chamber."

It was dangerous to remain there longer, as the cavalry had crept nearer, and Jackson's aids seemed to have got the idea that a sharpshooter was posted near by. Yet "Old Pete" would have had a third shot if the Confederates had been in the house.

He took a more careful aim, and yet, when he fired, he saw splinters fly from a railroad over beyond the General. The cavalry were then close upon us, and our two muskets were lost in the hurried flight from the house. Half an hour after that, Jackson was driving our brigades and divisions as he willed.

"I'll measure off the same distance, shoot off-hand, and bet my life I can hit a soldier's cap nine times out of ten," growled "Old Pete" as he hurried forward, and suddenly overcome by indignation and chagrin he battered his cherished gun against a tree and destroyed it.

As if seeking personal revenge, Jackson's legions passed right by us. The nearest brigade of Sigel's corps was picked up and dashed to pieces. Running along with the amazed and frightened men, but bearing off toward our own division, we picked up other muskets to replace our lost ones.

Reaching a knoll from which we had another view of the turnpike, we halted for a last look; over the heads of the frightened, fleeing soldiers—over the ground strewn with arms and accoutrements—over the blue smoke just beginning to rise, we saw Jackson again. He was far away, but it was Jackson.

"O, the rebel! but he has got a guardian angel," howled "Old Pete," as he shook his fist toward the turnpike.

No other man ever had a rifle drawn on him at such fair range and escaped three cool, carefully aimed bullets. His escape sent a thrill of superstition through each mind, and from that hour to the moment when the news of Jackson's death reached us, "Old Pete" never spoke a word. Soon a soldier, hurrying along, shouted:

"We're all right. Stonewall Jackson has been killed up the road there!"

"Old Pete" leaped up, whirled round to face the bearer of the news, and savagely shouted back:

"You lie! you lie! you lie! Stonewall Jackson can't be hurt by shell or killed by bullet!" But it was so.

Many incidents could be obtained from the experience of members in this Church to show how marvelously the Lord takes care of those for whom He has a work. President

Woodruff has been literally broken in pieces, and it seemed all through his life, as he has expressed it, that Satan was determined to effect his destruction, yet he lives at the age of eighty-eight years a vigorous man possessed of great physical and mental strength, standing at the head of a great people. Without the help and care of the Lord he would doubtless have been in his grave long ago.

The Lord has preserved many of His servants while they have been in the discharge of duty, even in places where death seemed imminent. On the other hand we frequently see instances where men who from fear of disaster deserted their missions or neglected their duty, and thus lost their lives. The only safe course for Latter-day Saints to take is to live each day according to the inspiration which God gives, seeking to magnify their callings, and then whether life or death results therefrom, they can feel satisfied, knowing that their reward is sure. *H. C. A.*

THE SIN OF DISOBEDIENCE.

HISTORY is the record of humanity on a broad scale, so gigantic is its field and so multifarious its acts and changes, its lapses and progress, its wars and calamities, its nations and tribes, that no commentator or writer has ever been able to give more than "a bird's eye view" of the whole, or a fragment of its divisions.

Whether this strange and graphic record will ever be comprehended individually is one of the questions of philosophy. Some have asserted that an inquirer in the infinitude of eternity, would simply need to occupy the proper point or focus in the all-pervading ether of space, in order to find there the ineffaceable yet fleeing imprint of every occurrence great or small, and standing there as by an ever vibrating moving panorama the spectator could see until weary, all

that his ardent curiosity might desire.

Such a review of striking historic epochs, of grand historic characters, of magnificent phenomena, if burdensome and bewildering might be modified by limiting the line or range of vision to periods of unmistakeable grandeur; like the creation of man, the flood of Noah, the deliverance of Israel, or the dedication and acceptance of Solomon's Temple; ranging further down the stream who would not like to read as written by the finger of Omnipotence the graphic, soul-stirring record of the meridian of time; if indisposed to look at those preparatory movements which indicated the coming of the "Son of Man," yet the echoes of the angel's song linger somewhere in immensity and can doubtless be

heard again, the visit of the wise men, the salutation of the shepherds, the long hidden boyish life, the surging thoughts of His growing manhood, His associates, His labors and His loves; then that beautiful episode of baptism, His entrance into the public ministry, the charm of His demeanor, the eloquence of His words, and the forcefulness of His parabled instructions; the marvelous healings and astounding miracles, His patient life, His faithful companions, His wondrous mission, His exciting trial and ignominious yet triumphant death.

Where in all the realms of biographical literature so strange a story? Where so grand a display of godlike qualities, of dignified manhood, of brilliant example? Surely in the archives there is deposited a more complete and perfect reproduction of so fair and full a life, whose Alpha was in Bethlehem and Omega on Calvary, one to whom the angels administered at His birthplace, His resurrection and at His ascension, this glorified immaculate honored representative, "God manifest in the flesh."

We may read the Evangelists with awe and wonder, may con the few brief words in which was heralded for ages the prophecies of His coming; we may in part realize the truth of the declaration, that if "all He did and said were written, the world itself would not contain the books," and the very hunger of the soul will tell, that yet we can learn and know, and love, and realize that the consummation of His second advent, and the inauguration of His rule on earth, is as much a part of the program and of His far reaching mission as is the record of thirty years of preparation, and the three and a half years of His augmented power and practical labor of love; the tension, the concentration, the overpowering emotions of soul belonging to the latter period, evidently could not have been continued long without

the breaking down of the temporary tabernacle, even when strengthened by the Divine hand and angelic auxiliaries, as undoubtedly it was.

Every individual probably evinces more or less of this desire to penetrate the past, to revive the secular as well as the sacred, the individual as the greater, and now years are spent in search of genealogical data, in tracing lineage and demonstrating until impeded by mist and myth the beginning of a line; links and combinations are studied, tangled skeins are unraveled and discoveries made, but it is not unlikely that all that is learned in a life of mental exploration could be comprehended in the spirit in a very brief survey. Peculiarities are transmitted from generation to generation, consanguinity may be established on similar lines as in that tribe of old where every member by heredity possessed an extra toe, or other special or striking peculiarities.

These personal features, traits of character or idiosyncrasies, are illustrative of race proclivities, which here and there strike an observer as being worthy of more than a passing thought. That humanity should be subject to law might be predicated almost without experience, but it demonstrates that there are bounds and restrictions independent apparently of personal will, then that there are restraints which are submitted to the action of agency. "Whether men will hear or whether they will forbear;" "All these things shall ye do, that ye may live," was very similar in import if not in burthen to the first intimation given in the garden of Eden, "Of every tree in this garden, thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat," or doing so "thou shalt surely die!"

Incident to this situation there crops out one of those mysterious features of humanity, which, if not innate, curiously remains to the present day, viz., resistance to law

and its authority; chronic shall it be called, for it is apparently so embedded there, that it manifests itself as though a prescribed course furnished the signal as well as the occasion for an assertion of individuality and independence, irrespective of the good or evil of the requirement.

Whether mother Eve then knew, or had veiled from her mind the consequences of her act, we may fancy that there was strict compliance with the authoritative regulation for quite a time; fruits were prolific and diversified as to their variety, beauty and flavor; gustative enjoyment and natural satisfaction were no doubt perfect and complete; and this single tree probably, would have remained unnoticed (even though in the midst of the garden) save for its denial; but now it haunted her mind, aroused her curiosity, led her to make comparisons, and as she walked round and round it, every look said that it was fair and apparently desirable to both the eye and taste.

She coquetted with the temptation, she whetted her curiosity and wondered what it meant to have "the knowledge of good and evil," and stimulated by the advice of the enemy in her perversity, she "put forth her hand," afterwards giving to her "liege lord" Adam, he, "not being in the transgression."

The same trial is enshrined in the old story of Bluebeard and his wife, which has come down through the ages, and which, if not a travesty on the foregoing, exemplifies a profound knowledge of human nature in this special thing.

Bluebeard might have been an autocrat, but surely one of his wives would have been respectful of his wishes, would have honored his commands, would have been devoid of selfish curiosity, but he had not found her yet; probably the story is as familiar to most persons as is the story of Eve and Eden, if otherwise, consider it for a moment: Bluebeard was the lord and owner of a grand

palace or castle in the long ago; it had no doubt all its accessories for offense and defense, its moats and towers, its retainers and its guards, who sallied out from time to time for rapine, booty and conquest.

No doubt the interior of this castle was a model of barbaric splendor and appointment; a wife graced its loaded board, and slaves ministered to its owner and his friends.

Going on a journey he called his latest bride, as he had done prior ones, and gave her the keys of the entire establishment, telling her that she was free to go any and everywhere, save into one room, the key to which he singled out; no doubt she felt honored at this exhibition of confidence, probably spent some time in viewing trophies taken in war, and gorgeous rooms with vessels of silver and gold unto satiety; no doubt also, in her peregrinations, keys in hand, this special one was always uppermost, stimulating her imagination, exciting query and suggesting, "Why, what can there be in this room to which I am forbidden?" Finally perverse curiosity overcame her better judgment, and in breach of a commandment she entered the room; others had done so before her, and she witnessed their remains there mutilated as the penalty. The sequel is told; but whether in sacred lore, in classic legend or in a fairy tale whose origin is lost, the lesson is graven with fidelity and in plainness, that individualism seeks to be supreme, and that there are those who are undeniably "children of disobedience;" to forbid anything to them provokes antagonism, to give a command secures rebellion, to curb or restrain by law is deemed a questionable act, and to enforce the penalty is denounced as tyranny, and defiance tells of a self-will as fatal as death.

Childhood in modern times carries with it the seeds of this unexplained disease. Most fathers and mothers discover this perversity in their early experience; to deny any whim or

wish of a child is to bring in sobs and tears and screams, that discord, which, if not unconquered becomes the atmosphere of home; discipline is difficult to enforce and parental authority is as a thing of naught; or mayhap there comes a tyranny as complete as human nature can wish for when the rule is in the hands of children.

It may not be inferred, however, that this feature is confined to woman and a child, and it would be quite as unjust to conclude that honesty of purpose and the spirit of obedience are unknown in the world, or that they are confined to the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

That this element may preponderate with them can be admitted, and that the majority have been gathered by the love of right and truth; but the influence of heredity is everywhere apparent, the most vigorous and spiritually-minded have not acquired complete subserviency to law, nor have they as yet so far broken the shackles of tradition, superstition and sectarianism as to honor the commandments after years of counsel and continuance of effort.

That grand social system of things revealed in an early day, and called "the Order of Enoch," seems further from realization now than when the revelation was given; the law of consecration which was supplanted by the lower law of tithing, now seems like a dream of the past, and even the lesser principle is far from being universally accepted and paid; the principle of plural marriage which was meant as the redeeming agency for accumulated transgression is set aside, "the word of wisdom" is not universally kept as everyone knows, and gathering to build up the kingdom of God is prostituted to selfish ends. Modern and ancient Israel are very similar in disposition, the latter were perverse, disobedient, rebellious and forgetful, the former are near enough in history and

experience, so that "he who runs may read."

So far as this is concerned, perchance no stranger can claim to enter the arcana of any organization, but it may admit to itself or to individuals thereof, that obedience to revelation has been far less general and thorough than is either desirable or might have been expected, and not unlikely is it that the harvest in our youth, is partially the result of parental vacillation.

How much time has it required to indoctrinate the risen or rising generation with reverence for the Sabbath, with a disregard for pleasure, with compliance as to the word of wisdom, with opposition to the practice of round dancing, and with a full determination to only marry within the pale of the Church? Can it not be seen that examples of indifference and disobedience have come down "from sire to son," and from mother to daughter, and that from heredity maybe, where the "fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge!"

One feature of character which belongs to all good society is this, that a cultivated person never intrudes where he has no business, or goes where he is not invited; often enough, however, this unwritten law of exclusion, is made the opportunity for exhibiting this restless, curious, decided spirit of disobedience, in such way it may be said, as was done by the brethren during the existence of "The School of the Prophets."

President Young deemed it wise to organize this body as a council of the Priesthood, where important matters could be deliberated upon, with the faith, that "in the midst of counsel there would be wisdom." Being essentially private, admission was by ticket, and it was implied that a person unsupplied must remain in that position; first came curiosity, then jealousy and suspicion, and the Bishops were finally besieged by applicants under every

conceivable and flimsy excuse for the coveted admission; this "School" might have been a grand adjunct to the responsible Priesthood as intended, but increase made it continuously less valuable, secrecy became impossible, and the body became so unwieldy that it perished of its own weight; men cared little for all meetings which were free and open, they wanted to *be there*, "of every tree in the garden thou mayst freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge thou shalt not eat, or thou shalt surely die."

When the time came for the dedication of the Temple at St. George, special instructions went out as to who should be admitted into that holy house, and known characters were to be rigidly excluded. This was the word of the Lord manifested through His servant Brigham. When the great day arrived (for it was a great day), the rush was tremendous, every kind of specious argument had been used with those who had the power of granting entree, and when the President arose in his appointed place with his heart attuned to the prospective ceremonies and with intense longings perchance for some special manifestation of divine approval, his eyes rested upon some whose right to be there to him was questionable at least, and so the fire of righteous indignation rested upon him as with uplifted arm he raised his cane and struck the stand before him, leaving the imprint thereof as his testimony to this day—his protest against a violated law. If these visitors had been full of devotion, and inspired of love for truth and right; if they had been in constant attendance at the services of the sanctuary; if they had been "honest and of good report," remonstrance would have perished by virtue of inspirational testimony, but they were intruders and violators of law. It had been said to them, "Of every tree in the garden thou mayst freely eat, but of this tree, thou shalt not eat, or thou shalt surely die."

When by the mercy and blessing of Providence the Salt Lake Temple was rushed to its completion, general instructions were in order as to those who should be privileged to enter therein. Notwithstanding the fair and generous arrangement made, when it became public it was the signal for loud remonstrance; men and women who had not desired to be known as Mormons for years, posed among the aggrieved; they had absented themselves from every other meeting, had ceased partaking of the sacrament, had paid no tithing, had made no donations to the Temple itself, yet they "moved heaven and earth" almost, to secure a privilege to which they were not entitled. Every one is familiar with the fact of relaxation, with the idea that even nominal membership was valid for the one desiring, as an act of mercy, as a tender of armistice, as a presenting of the flag of truce, as a manifestation of divine consideration, and Gospel privilege. This was unique, it belongs alone to the dispensation of "the fullness of times;" and while the results upon human perversity may not have been as salvatory as the Priesthood could have wished, it furnishes a modern manifestation of that rebellious spirit which counted as valueless all the trees and fruit of Eden, save that which appeared to be fair and desirable for use, and implied a reflection on the wisdom of the Giver of the law.

Who has not been struck with the continuous necessity for rebuke and regulation among the youth of Israel? Refer for instance to the often expressed wish of the authorities that round dancing should not be encouraged in our social parties, first, because it was introduced originally by that class whose interest lay in stimulating the passions of men, that society adopted it mainly for its sensuous character, and then after being assured of its drift and results, the better element so frowned upon it, that restriction is now more com-

plete abroad than was even asked by the best of Israel. Second, because the introduction and excess of this class of dances, utterly wasted away the essentially social and preservative features of these gatherings. Fathers and mothers who had been the proud associates of the young when they "went forth in the dance" were compelled by the continuous mad self-gratification of their juniors to retire, and now it is rare to see that delightful unity, familiarity and enjoyment of the early days unless in a few country places; and as a matter of fact, where a Bishop in the carrying out of counsel has limited this thing, many of his young people have run "from Dan to Beersheba" to indulge in that discountenanced and forbidden by our leading men. Every other dance save a round one has been looked upon as "flat, stale and unprofitable," in other words, in contrast with the "forbidden fruit," all other was valueless, insipid and without attraction!

Boys with cigarettes and tobacco, and girls with tea and coffee, men with liquor and stimulants, all seem to have had greater longing for these things, because of the objections and counsel to abstain; and this perversity has often culminated in disaster from another source, viz., that of the increased opportunities for promiscuous gatherings; at parties, at the lake, at excursions, and in the less restrained social circle, many undesirable associations have been formed, and with the giddiness and vanity of youth, conquest has been permitted, the affections have been enlisted and probably engagements made, but was it ever known under these circumstances that remonstrance or counsel was of much avail? Was a disappointed father or fretting mother ever able to persuade a daughter to give up such society or alliance, at the behest of parental authority or tears? Did the claims of religion, the presentation of a commandment, or a picture of the future ever lead a

young girl to consideration or sacrifice? Or spite of all, was not her preference selfish and her disobedience perfect? Did she not think there was no other one on the footstool of Deity worthy of her person or her love?

Let the blighted hopes, the ruined lives, the bitter sorrow, the broken hearts, the living death or sunken grave, tell the story of a host—once as pure as the snow, as loving as the angels and dearer to home than life or wealth, yet victims of folly, sin and a determined violation of a sacred law. "Of every tree in the garden thou mayst freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat," or failing, "thou shalt surely die!"

It may be that surprise at this exhibit would be out of place, the Latter-day Saints have come out of the world in theory, but they bear within them the seeds of generations past; tradition, superstition, ignorance and false education made them what they are, and yet enough of the divine afflatus rested upon them to see in part; and so submitting themselves to the processes of a new and higher training, they and theirs are moving upward, slowly probably but surely; they are learning the value of law, they see some of the fruits of obedience, and lapses perchance become more glaring in the clearer light, but the question is easier asked than answered, "If the righteous scarcely be saved where shall the ungodly and the sinners appear?"

There may be impatience on the part of teachers, and when their hair whitens there may be lamentation, yet it is hardly possible to tell fairly what has been accomplished. One generation cannot tell all the story, or redeem mankind from the operations and influences of many; there are evidences though which demonstrate progress, but that is not the present purpose.

That the world is saturated with this opposition to restraint is evident; even when submission to the will of

society as expressed in law prevails, there is a rejection of the higher; men will not brook interference or correction; to tell them that they are in error insults, it reflects upon their judgment and intelligence, as they think; truth may be proclaimed as with the tongue of an angel, and it may carry with it its own peculiar testimony, but this is rejected, for as it was said "men love darkness rather than light;" and good authority declared of men in His day, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life, or that ye might have it more abundantly."

The philosophy of the heavens urges, "Do this and live;" to this the few respond, but of the mass it may be said, as of those of old, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost, as your fathers did, so do ye." The divine philosophy being rejected of the world, cannot human philosophy devise some means of utilizing this drift of the ages, this feature of nearly universal man, which rebelling against authority and deriding law, defers "a consummation devoutly to be wished?"

If it is concluded that the pointing out of duty incites rebellion, that the giving of a commandment provokes disobedience, that wicked men look upon the dictation of authority as an interference with their liberty and independence; and that revelation reflects upon their judgment; might not a reversal of long-tried and measurably unsuccessful methods become a new experiment in morals, religion and law?

Could poor human nature be deemed by insisting upon wrong-doing, upon disobedience, as by making commandment defer to human folly, and ask for a certain course of action in life if the opposite was desired, and was known to be most beneficial?

Taking humanity in its perversity, would it be possible to draw from sheer opposition and rebellion, any determination to follow the opposite?

This ironical suggestion might not work in Israel, would it work elsewhere? Would men improve if left free from all restraint? Would liquor be any more drank if reachable everywhere? Would true religion be more in demand if its absolute character were less insisted upon? Would "words of wisdom" be more strictly observed if people were compelled to use the articles tabooed? Would round dancing be less prevalent if it was made obligatory? Would pleasure be as attractive as now if enforced by law? Would sin be "as a sweet morsel in the mouth of the wicked," if the commandment to be righteous was once reversed? Would men and women rush to a place if the invitation were universal? Would the Gospel be more universally received if divested of a "Thus saith the Lord?" These are questions in a suggestive philosophy looking to the good of the unregenerate, and they may be ridiculed or put off with a sneer, but prohibition will continue to haunt the man who sees but that alone; the tree forbidden is uppermost in the mind of Eve; the locked and secret room in Bluebeard's castle was the *only one* to the tyrant's wife, and undue curiosity unsealed the Temple doors to many a faithless and rebellious soul.

"Stolen waters are sweet," said the old writer, and things forbidden, withheld, denied to the rebellious mind are "more precious than the finest gold." "What we have we prize not" is founded on close observation of restless humankind, whose giant waves are murky by reason of self-seeking and self-sufficiency, but where earth's saviors float that sea is made translucent by the smile of God.

The obedient inhale and live in an atmosphere of trust; they have the spirit, and the promises are theirs; they know there is virtue even in imperfect and limited righteousness—the righteousness of faith, and where desire is to learn the lesson,

there is assistance and "strength according to their day." The disobedient, the self-willed, like Don Quixote, fighting windmills and thinking they were giants, see but the fantasies of their own creation, a reproduction of themselves on a giant scale, like "the spectre of the Brocken," after all but an illusion of the fancy, a chimera of the brain.

Turning thus the telescope of research upon history, or the microscope upon individuality, is it not realized that there are infinitudes to be made familiar, that eternity will be man's opportunity, that 'nothing is hid but it shall be revealed, and things done in secret will be as if announced from the housetop,' for the "spirit discerneth all things even the deep things of God." Explanation, investigation, the acquisition of knowledge and intelligence is the priv-

ilege of the sons of God; mysteries will be made plain, crooked things will be made straight to that one who in the fear of God and love of the truth, becomes consecrated and aspires to the glory which is supreme.

The disobedient will pass through the fires of tribulation in this life and the life to come, until purged, purified and fitted as "vessels of honor for the Master's use."

The word of the Lord to Daniel is the word to studious Israel, "Go thy way for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end; many shall be purified and made white and tried, but the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand. But go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of thy days." *H. W. Naisbitt.*

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.*

A FISHING TRIP.

IN the spring of 1893, myself and a young man from Salt Lake City, made a very pleasant trip from Westville, Florida, to the Gulf of Mexico. We had previously arranged with a friend who lived near St. Andrew's Bay, and who followed the occupation of fishing, to take us with him to the gulf on his next fishing trip. It was arranged that we should be at his house the day prior to that appointed for starting on the trip. Unfortunately we did not arrive at our friend's house until after he had started. Not wishing to be defeated in our object, we procured a small row boat, and the morning after our arrival at the bay, we were up bright and early, and as the sun appeared over the tops of the tall pine trees, we were gliding over the smooth waters of St. Andrew's Bay, with a

twenty mile trip before us. The weather was beautiful and calm. There was scarcely a ripple on the water. As we glided down the bay, enjoying the soft sea air, we were occasionally startled by the appearance of a large porpoise, that would come up out of the water near our boat and "blow," then disappear again.

As we passed along near the center of the bay, we observed several large porpoises making the water foam, as they were in hot pursuit of a school of fish. It was indeed an interesting sight to us, who had never seen anything like it before.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the gulf, where our fishing party was located. After partaking of a good dinner, which consisted of fish, oysters and other luxuries which tropical Florida affords, we were ready for catching fish. The fishing was conducted upon the following plan: After it had become dark, we all got into a large

* Written by members of the Elementary English Class of the Latter-day Saints' College.

row boat, with a seine two hundred yards long, carefully folded, and placed upon the stern of the boat. One of the party was seated in the stern, and one was standing at the bows, with a long pole to steer the boat; two of the men handled the oars. Every man being at his post, we would row along some distance from the shore. The darker the night the easier it is to locate the fish. Wherever there is a school of mackerel, they make the water sparkle, and the man who stands at the bows of the boat, can see the fish at a great distance. At a given signal the man at the stern jumps out into the water with one end of the seine. If the water is deep he swims toward the shore. The boat is hastily rowed around the fish, and the seine is unfolded as the boat moves along. When the fish are entrapped, all hands jump out into the water, and the seine with its load of struggling fish is hauled to the shore.

The first night we succeeded in catching about eight hundred pounds of fish. This method of fishing is very exciting, and there is no necessity for digging bait or fighting mosquitoes, while you wait for the fish to bite.

During the day our time was spent in walking along the shore, watching the sharks drive large schools of fish in from the gulf to the shallow water near the shore, and there feed upon them. It was a grand sight to see eight or ten large sharks after thousands of fish. As the angry waves rolled high when they neared the beach, we could see in the clear blue water a living mass of struggling fish trying to get out of the sharks' way.

After spending a week at the gulf, we hoisted sail late one afternoon, and started for our friend's house. After traveling about half the distance, the sun disappeared like a ball of fire, and at the setting of the sun the wind ceased to blow, and we were left in the middle of the bay,

ten miles from our landing place.

We remained in this condition, until the wind arose at a late hour in the night, when we were soon driven to our friend's house.

The next day being Sunday, we went a distance of five miles in a sailing boat, to attend church.

A few days later we returned to Westville, Florida, after having had a very pleasant fishing trip.

Frank Croft.

A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

AT one time Mrs. L—— lay very sick. The feelings of those around her can better be imagined than expressed, as they saw her lying before them pale and thin.

A letter was dispatched to Mr. L—— who was in Idaho at the time, informing him of his wife's illness.

The letter, however, never reached its destination, but something more striking than a letter, in which one always believes things worse than they really are, came to him one day as he was at work. He threw down his pick and said to the man nearest him, "I'm going home!" The man looked up in amazement, but before he had time to say a word Mr. L—— was out of the mine, and not long after that he was on his way to the depot.

He arrived there in time to catch the train and not a great length of time after that he was at home.

Mr. L—— came slowly up to the house, trying not to be seen until he reached the door. No one saw him. Then, you can imagine his surprise at seeing his dear wife lying helpless before him.

The folks all wondered at his speedy return, thinking, of course, that he had not had time to receive the letter, which, as before stated, never reached him.

The elders were called and Mrs. L—— was administered to. She rapidly improved in health and is

now a well woman. She feels very thankful for the health she is enjoying and Mr. L—— thinks the case a very good representation of inspiration.

Phoebe McLaughlin.

PROVIDENCE.

IN the year 1869, there was a family living in Salt Lake City, whose father had been called on a mission. As he was to be gone some time, his family went down to one of the southern settlements to spend part of the time. In those days people had to travel by team. On their way home, one of their horses was taken sick and could not go any further. As they were just about midway between Parowan and Beaver, the road very lonely and the Indians on the warpath, the family were in great fear. As they were sitting around the camp fire wondering what they could do, they saw in the distance a white speck. As it came nearer they observed it was a white horse.

The animal came right up to the wagon and stood there as if it had known that they were in need of help.

As the family were anxious to reach Beaver before the next day, they took this horse and proceeded on their journey. About twelve o'clock that night they reached Beaver, tired and worn out. And as they were preparing the food for their horses the white horse suddenly disappeared and they could not trace it. The next morning they continued on their journey and reached home all right.

The family often speak now-a-days of the white horse, which they ever afterwards called "Providence."

Josie Morris.

TWO FRIENDS.

IN 1880, two little girls aged eight and five, met for the first time. Their parents were poor, and they contented themselves with primitive rag-babies (or substitutes of corn-cobs or wood) in lieu of more expensive china or wax editions.

The elder of the two was a frail, gentle, little lady—submissive to a fault—while the younger was plump and rosy—always playing pranks and perfectly willing to assume the responsibility of managing all the affairs of *her* own small dominion and also that of her gentle friend, much to the amusement of onlookers.

They attended school together, and were so inseparable that they were known as "the twins." These two—so unlike in disposition and personal appearance—formed an attachment that was a curiosity to many older people. Quarrels were unknown between them, and where one was the other was sure to be—whether at a children's party, or at home, or anywhere else. Their tastes were identical—whether the subject under consideration was books, people, pie or pickles, both were of the same mind.

Childhood faded into girlhood, and many were the plans formed by these two, in regard to future work or study.

The house of the younger was near a river and a branch of this ran through her father's farm. On the banks of the same were many trees, willows, vines, etc., growing very thickly near the water and gradually becoming more open until there was a mere sprinkling of trees over the pasture and meadows. The creek ran through the *thickest*, and in places was deep and green. The girls selected a quiet nook in the dense portion, (which they reached after some trouble) where the water flowed lazily along under the overhanging foliage, which place was ever after known to them as "Love's Retreat," and used for a "secret council chamber." Here they found their way when they wished to rehearse secrets, relate adventures probably, or read, without fear of interruption. Lounging luxuriously upon the mossy bank they would throw flowers or leaves into the water, and, in a manner quite

original with them, predict future events by noting their movements. Queer were the fortunes thus pointed out, and quite oblivious were the dreamers to reality, and hours would fly unnoticed, until the friends were rudely recalled from their rapturous fancies by the sound of an impatient voice, somewhere near, shouting, "*Where in the world are you? Don't you know that dinner is over and everything cold?*" Whereupon they remembered that life was extremely *real* and thoughts of what had been missed made them discover that *hunger* was real, too. Gathering up books, pencils, etc., they silently hastened homeward.

Many a night they dreamed of delightful impossibilities, clasped in each other's arms—"cheek to cheek and heart to heart." Time passed. Both had assumed the stately long skirts, and were trying vainly to cultivate manners to correspond.

The gentle sweetness of the *still frail* girl is seen and appreciated by other eyes than those of her friend, (whose eyes also see the impending danger) and as the eyes of "that interloper" refuse to be ignored, the anxious friend realizes that, for the first time in *nine years*, an unspoken secret is between them. Observing all, with an *all too jealous* eye, the younger of the friends experiences the keenest suffering as she is forced to acknowledge that her friend's heart is not entirely *hers*. Those who have been supplanted by others in the affections of a beloved friend,

can understand the pang accompanying the discovery. For the first time in their intimate acquaintance the "frail" one refuses to accept the ardent advice given her by her impulsive friend, as to how "the interloper" should be disposed of, and she quietly but firmly insists upon having her own way. Tears and threats are of no avail, so the young friend gives up the case as hopeless.

Owing to a providential fact—"the course of love is never smooth"—that of "the interloper's" was no exception, and after a season of happiness for the elder and wretchedness for the younger of the friends, an uncommonly "rough" point was reached in the lovers' "road," and as it proved to be impassable, the gentle one returned to her sorrowing friend, and "all was as before."

More years sped by. Fate (or *something*) brought about a separation—not of hearts, but of eight hundred miles by rail, and the friends now have to communicate through the post office. During the three years that have passed since that sad parting, many changes have taken place in both their lives, but their friendship must extend beyond the grave, as two lives so closely connected as theirs, cannot be far apart in the Great Beyond. Such friendship is experienced by few, and those who have *not*, cannot realize the exquisite satisfaction and the occasional misery that it affords.

Edna Coray.

SERMONS FROM THE PROPHETS.

THE RESURRECTION.*

I WISH to present to the Latter-day Saints the doctrine of the resurrection in its true light. To satisfy

* A discourse by Brigham Young, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, delivered in the New Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, at the General Conference, October 8th, 1875.

the philosophy of my own mind in regard to this doctrine, I shall be under the necessity of commencing with the works of God as we find them in the beginning, or rather the beginning of the history we have of the earth. We admit the history that Moses gives of the creation or organization of this earth, as stated

in his writings, to be correct. The philosophy of my mind, with all the experience I have gained by observation and knowledge of facts, tells me that there is nothing made, formed or fashioned without a Being to make, form or fashion the same. Then my own reasoning teaches me that myself as a mechanic, with all others upon this earth, and those also who dwell in the heavens, when we commence any work of mechanism, have an object in the same. God had an object in view when He framed this earth and placed vegetation and all creatures upon it, and man was brought here for the high object of an increase of wisdom, knowledge, understanding, glory and honor—each and every person, creature or thing in its own order and time, that all may harmonize together and receive this glory and honor. The particles that compose the earth were brought together for a certain purpose by its great Author. This purpose was, and still is, to bring this earth and all things upon it into a higher state of glory and intelligence. In the beginning there were laws given by which all nature was to be governed or controlled. It is true that man transgresses these laws and would change them if he had the power to do so. But there are laws which he cannot disturb, and which operate regardless of man's actions. Among these is the law which pertains to the resurrection of the body of man, and also to the resurrection of the earth; for this earth has to undergo a great change, or, in other words, has to be resurrected.

Abel, the martyr, was the first man of whose death we have any account. He brought his offering to the Lord and was accepted. This proves that he was a righteous man, and by his righteousness he so far sanctified the particles of this earth that comprised the component parts of his body that they became entitled to a glorious resurrection, which he undoubtedly obtained when

Jesus arose. If Abel had been eaten by dogs or lions, the component parts of his body never could have gone to compose the component parts of any other bodies. Why? Because the laws which govern the elements would not permit this to be done.

The question may be asked, Do not the particles that compose man's body, when returned to mother earth, go to make or compose other bodies? No, they do not. Some philosophers have asserted that the human body changes every seven or ten years. This is not correct, for it never changes; that is, the substance of which it is composed do not pass off and other particles of matter come and take their place. Neither can the particles which have comprised the bodies of men become parts of the bodies of other men, or of beasts, fowls, fish, insects or vegetables. They are governed by a divine law, and though they may pass from the knowledge of the scientific world, that divine law still holds and governs and controls them. Man's body may be buried in the ocean, it may be eaten by wild beasts, or it may be burned to ashes, and they be scattered to the four winds, yet the particles of which it is composed will not be incorporated into any form of vegetable or animal life, to become a component part of their structure. Are they gross, tangible, and in their organized capacity, subject to decay and change? Yes, and if buried in the earth, they undergo decomposition and return to mother earth; but it is no matter how minute the particles are, they are watched over and will be preserved until the resurrection, and at the sound of the trumpet of God every particle of our physical structures necessary to make our tabernacles perfect will be assembled, to be rejoined with the spirit, every man in his order. Not one particle will be lost.

I have a few questions to ask the philosophical world, especially those

who are well skilled in chemistry: Is this earth, the air and the water composed of life, or do they, or any portion of them, consist of inanimate matter, or of that that has no life in itself? Another question: If the earth, air and water, are composed of life, is there any intelligence in this life? The philosopher may take his own time to answer these questions, and when he has satisfied himself he may ask himself again: Are those particles of matter life; if so, are they possessed of intelligence according to the grade of their organization? As far as we are concerned, we suggest the idea that there is an eternity of life, an eternity of organization, and an eternity of intelligence from the highest to the lowest grade, every creature in its order, from the Gods to the animalculæ. Bear in mind, you who are believers in the resurrection or in the works of God, that man has sought out many inventions and has striven hard to learn the mysteries of God and godliness by his worldly wisdom, yet there are many things which science, with all its tests, cannot find out. Matter may be divided into an infinitude of atoms, until they pass beyond the power of the microscope to discover them, and the most skillful chemist who dwells on the earth knows not whither they go. My position is, and which I declare to the Latter-day Saints, it is beyond the power of man, without revelation from God, with all his science to know whether these particles that compose our bodies go into other creatures to form the component parts of their bodies, or whether they merely pass into the already organized body to resuscitate it and contribute to its sustenance. I declare to the Latter-day Saints, and to all living upon the earth who have intelligence to understand, that the particles that comprise the component parts of our bodies will never enter into other bodies to form the elements of their bodies; but these

very identical particles that now compose our bodies will be resurrected and come together by the power of the trump of God and will be re-united to form the body—excepting the blood, which will not be necessary to our existence in an immortal state—and then be prepared to receive the spirit, preparatory to their exaltation. Query: Would not the particles that compose the body of our Savior, according to their intelligence, oppose the idea of becoming part of any other body but His? Again: Would not the Saints, who are faithful in magnifying the Priesthood of the Son of God, object to the particles which now compose their bodies, and which they have sanctified through obedience to that Priesthood, entering into and forming parts of other bodies than their own—bodies which their spirits had not possessed and of which they knew nothing in this life?

Although some may think that the substances of which our bodies are composed are borrowed for our use during this mortal existence, it is not so, neither will they be thrown off at death, never to be restored; and though in the resurrection the bodies of the righteous will be raised immortal and free from all corruption, they will be none the less tangible or perceptible to the touch of those who are permitted to handle them. The question may be asked: Will the bodies of those who do not observe the laws of God, and which are not sanctified by obedience to them, come forth in the resurrection? Undoubtedly they will; but not at the same time nor to the same glory that they do who observe the laws of God.

The earth, also, abideth the law and filleth the measure of its creation, and though it shall die, it shall be resurrected in glory, a sanctified creation, suitable for the residence of celestial beings. The elements will be burned and purified, and be renewed; but not one atom of earth's

organism will be lost; for that which is governed by law shall be preserved by law. And for everything which our God has created He has prescribed laws. There is nothing so minute as to escape His notice, there is no creation so immense as to transcend the bounds of His power; all are alike subject to the operation of His decrees. He called matter from chaos and created the earth, and the heavens are studded with planets, the glorious workmanship of His hands. He has hung those mighty orbs in space, and their courses are fixed. And by the exercise of His power the original elements which have formed the bodies of men will be brought forth in the resurrection—bone to bone, sinew to sinew, flesh to flesh, not one hair shall be lost—and all this in obedience to law, that the substances which have formed the tabernacles of men, or of beasts, or of fowls, or of fish, shall not be intermingled or lost; but shall be all restored to their own places, though they may have been swallowed up in the depths of the sea, or have been scattered to the four winds of heaven.

To illustrate these facts connected with the resurrection of the body, we will quote from the revelations which the Lord has given to His children:

THE TESTIMONY OF EZEKIEL.

“The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones,

“And caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry.

“And He said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.

“Again He said unto me, Prophecy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.

“Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones: Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live;

“And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

“So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.

“And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them.

“Then said He unto me, Prophecy unto the wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

“So I prophesied as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

“Then He said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel; behold, they say, Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost; we are cut off for our parts.

“Therefore prophecy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel.

“And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves. O my people, and brought you up out of your graves,

“And shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land: then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord.”

—*Ezekiel xxxvii*, 1-14.

THE TESTIMONY OF JOB.

“For I know that my Redeemer

liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

"And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:

"Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me."—*Job xix: 25-27.*

THE TESTIMONY OF DANIEL.

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt."—*Daniel xii: 2.*

THE TESTIMONY OF LUKE.

"Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."—*Luke xx: 37.*

"And as they thus spake, Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit.

"And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?

"Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.

"And when He had thus spoken, He shewed them His hands and His feet.

"And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, He said unto them, Have ye here any meat?

"And they gave Him a piece of broiled fish and of an honeycomb.

"And He took it and did eat before them."—*Luke xxiv: 36-43.*

THE TESTIMONY OF JOHN.

"But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

"The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in His hands the

print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe.

"And after eight days again His disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst and said, Peace be unto you.

"Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands: and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing."—*John xx: 24-27.*

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live.

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice.

"And shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—*John v: 25, 28, 29.*

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God, and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it: and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in in them: and they were judged every man according to their works."—*Revelations xxi: 6, 13.*

THE TESTIMONY OF MATTHEW.

"And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose,

"And came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many."—*Matthew xxvii: 52, 53.*

THE TESTIMONY OF PAUL.

"For our conversation is in heaven from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ

"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."—*Phillippians iii: 20, 21.*

"But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you."—*Romans viii: 11.*

"Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

"For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection."—*Romans vi: 4, 5.*

"For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised:

"And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.

"Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain.

"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body.

"All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men,

another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption it is raised in incorruption:

"It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:

"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."—*I Corinthians xv: 16-22; 35-39; 42-44.*

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

"For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first."—*I Thessalonians iv: 14-16.*

THE TESTIMONY OF ABINADI.

"And if Christ had not risen from the dead, or have broken the bands of death, that the grave should have no victory, and that death should have no sting, there could have been no resurrection.

"But there is a resurrection, therefore the grave hath no victory, and the sting of death is swallowed up in Christ:

"He is the light and the life of the world; yea, a light that is endless, that can never be darkened; yea, and also a life which is endless, that there can be no more death.

"Even this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruption shall put on incorruption, and shall be brought to stand before the bar of God, to be judged of Him according to their works, whether they be good or whether they be evil."—*Book of Mosiah xvi: 7-10.*

THE TESTIMONY OF JACOB.

"For as death hath passed upon all men, to fulfill the merciful plan of the great Creator, there must needs be a power of resurrection, and the resurrection must needs come unto man by reason of the fall, and the fall came by reason of transgression; and because man became fallen, they were cut off from the presence of the Lord;

"Wherefore it must needs be an infinite atonement; save it should be an infinite atonement, this corruption could not put on incorruption. Wherefore, the first judgment which came upon man, must needs have remained to an endless duration. And if so, this flesh must have laid down to rot and to crumble to its mother earth to rise no more.

"O the wisdom of God! His mercy and grace! For behold, if the flesh should rise no more, our spirits must become subject to that angel who fell from before the presence of the eternal God, and became the devil, to rise no more.

"And because of the way of deliverance of our God, the Holy One of Israel, this death of which I have spoken, which is the temporal, shall deliver up its dead; which death is the grave.

"And this death of which I have spoken, which is the spiritual death, shall deliver up its dead; which spiritual death is hell; wherefore, death and hell must deliver up their dead, and hell must deliver up its captive spirits, and the grave must deliver up its captive bodies, and the bodies and the spirits of men will be restored one to the other; and it is by the power of the resurrection of the Holy One of Israel.

O how great the plan of our God! For on the other hand, the paradise of God must deliver up the spirits of the righteous and the grave deliver up the body of the righteous; and the spirit and the body is restored to itself again, and all men become

incorruptible and immortal, and they are living souls, having a perfect knowledge like unto us in the flesh; save it be that our knowledge shall be perfect."—*II Nephi ix: 6-8; 11-13.*

THE TESTIMONY OF AMULEK.

"For behold, the day cometh that all shall rise from the dead and stand before God, and be judged according to their works.

"Now there is a death which is called a temporal death; and the death of Christ shall loose the bands of this temporal death, that all shall be raised from this temporal death.

"The spirit and the body shall be re-united again in its perfect form; both limb and joint shall be restored to its proper frame, even as we now are at this time; and we shall be brought to stand before God, knowing even as we know now, and have a bright recollection of all our guilt.

"Now this restoration shall come to all, both old and young; both bond and free, both male and female, both the wicked and the righteous; and even there shall not so much as a hair of their heads be lost; but all things shall be restored to its perfect frame, as it is now or in the body."—*Book of Alma xi: 41-44.*

THE TESTIMONY OF ALMA.

"But this much I say, that there is a space between death and the resurrection of the body and a state of the soul in happiness or in misery, until the time which is appointed of God that the dead shall come forth and be re-united, both soul and body, and be brought to stand before God, and be judged according to their works.

"Yea, this bringeth about the restoration of those things of which have been spoken by the mouths of the prophets.

"The soul shall be restored to the body, and the body to the soul; yea, and every limb and joint shall be restored to its body; yea, even a hair

of the head shall not be lost, but all things shall be restored to their proper and perfect frame."—*Book of Alma, xl: 21-23.*

THE TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL.

"For behold, He [Jesus] surely must die, that salvation may come; yea, it behooveth Him and becometh expedient that He dieth, to bring to pass the resurrection of the dead, that thereby men may be brought into the presence of the Lord;

"Yea, behold this death bringeth to pass the resurrection, and redeemeth all mankind from the first death.—*Book of Helaman, xiv: 15, 16.*

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

"And it came to pass that He [Jesus] said unto Nephi, bring forth the record which ye have kept.

"And when Nephi brought forth the records, and laid them before Him, He cast His eyes upon them and said,

"Verily I say unto you, I commanded my servant Samuel, the Lamanite, that he should testify unto this people that at the day that the Father should glorify His name in me, that there were many saints who should arise from the dead, and should appear unto many, and should minister unto them. And He said unto them, were it not so?

"And His disciples answered Him and said, Yea, Lord, Samuel did prophesy according to thy words, and they were all fulfilled.

"And Jesus said unto them, How be it that ye have not written this thing, that many saints did arise and appear unto many, and did minister unto them?

"And it came to pass that Nephi remembered that this thing had not been written.

"And it came to pass that Jesus commanded that it should be written; therefore it was written according as He commanded."—*III Nephi, xviii: 7-13.*

THE TESTIMONY OF MORONI.

"And because of the redemption of men, which came by Jesus Christ, they are brought back into the presence of the Lord; yea, this is wherein all men are redeemed, because the death of Christ bringeth to pass the resurrection, which bringeth to pass a redemption from an endless sleep, from which sleep all men shall be awoke by the power of God, when the trump shall sound; and they shall come forth, both small and great, and all shall stand before His bar, being redeemed and loosed from this eternal band of death, which death is a temporal death."—*Book of Mormon, ix: 13.*

WORDS OF JESUS IN THE BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

"Now, verily I say unto you, that through the redemption which is made for you is brought to pass the resurrection from the dead.

"And the spirit and the body is the soul of man.

"And the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul;

"And the redemption of the soul is through Him who quickeneth all things, in whose bosom it is decreed that the poor and the meek of the earth shall inherit it.

"Therefore it must needs be sanctified from all unrighteousness, that it may be prepared for the celestial glory;

"For after it hath filled the measure of its creation, it shall be crowned with glory, even with the presence of God the Father;

"That bodies who are of the celestial kingdom may possess it forever and ever; for, for this intent was it made and created, and for this intent are they sanctified.

"And again, verily I say unto you, the earth abideth the law of a celestial kingdom, for it filleth the measure of its creation, and transgresseth not the law.

"Wherefore it shall be sanctified; yea, notwithstanding it shall die, it

shall be quickened again, and shall abide the power by which it is quickened, and the righteous shall inherit it.

“For notwithstanding they die, they also shall rise again a spiritual body.

“They who are of a celestial spirit shall receive the same body which was a natural body; even ye shall receive your bodies, and your glory shall be that glory by which your bodies are quickened.

“And there shall be silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, and immediately after shall the curtain of heaven be unfolded, as a scroll is unfolded after it is rolled up, and the face of the Lord shall be unveiled.

“And the Saints that are upon the earth, who are alive, shall be quickened, and be caught up to meet Him.

“And they who have slept in their graves shall come forth; for their graves shall be opened, and they also shall be caught up to meet Him in the midst of the pillar of heaven.

“They are Christ’s, the first fruits; they who shall descend with Him first, and they who are on the earth and in their graves, who are first caught up to meet Him: and all this by the voice of the sounding of the trumpet of the angel of God.”—*Doctrine and Covenants, lx.vviii: 14-20; 25-28; 95-98.*

“For a trumpet shall sound both long and loud, even as upon Mount Sinai, and all the earth shall quake, and they shall come forth, yea, even the dead which died in me, to receive a crown of righteousness, and to be clothed upon, even as I am, to be with me, that we may be one.

“And the end shall come, and the heaven and the earth shall be consumed and pass away, and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.

“For all old things shall pass away, and all things shall become new, even heaven and the earth, and all the

fullness thereof, both men and beasts, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea.

“And not one hair, neither mote, shall be lost, for it is the workmanship of mine hand.

“But, behold, verily I say unto you, before the earth shall pass away, Michael, mine archangel, shall sound his trumpet, and then shall all the dead awake, for their graves shall be opened, and they shall come forth; yea, even all.—*Doctrine and Covenants, xxix: 13; 23-26.*

“For the day cometh that the Lord shall utter His voice out of heaven; the heavens shall shake and the earth shall tremble, and the trumpet of God shall sound both long and loud, and shall say to the sleeping nations, Ye saints arise and live; ye sinners stay and sleep until I shall call again.”—*Doctrine and Covenants, xliii: 18.*

“But before the arm of the Lord shall fall, an angel shall sound his trumpet, and the saints that have slept shall come forth to meet me in the cloud;

“Wherefore if ye have slept in peace, blessed are you, for as you now behold me and know that I am, even so shall ye come unto me and your souls shall live, and your redemption shall be perfected, and the saints shall come forth from the four quarters of the earth.”—*Doctrine and Covenants, xlv: 45, 46.*

“Yea, and blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, when the Lord shall come, and all things shall pass away, and all things become new, they shall rise from the dead and shall not die after, and shall receive an inheritance before the Lord, in the holy city.

“And he that liveth when the Lord shall come, and has kept the faith, blessed is he; nevertheless it is appointed to him to die at the age of man.

“Wherefore children shall grow up until they become old, old men shall die; but they shall not sleep in

the dust, but they shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye;

"Wherefore for this cause preached the apostles unto the world the resurrection of the dead."—*Doctrine and Covenants, lxxiii: 45-52.*

EXTRACT FROM A REVELATION TO THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

"And in that day Adam blessed God and was filled, and began to prophesy concerning all the families of the earth, saying, Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God.—*Pearl of Great Price, p. 10.*

EXTRACT FROM THE PROPHECY OF ENOCH.

"And righteousness will I send down out of heaven: and truth will I send forth out of the earth, to bear testimony of mine Only Begotten; His resurrection from the dead; yea, and also the resurrection of all men.—*Pearl of Great Price, p. 21.*

THE TESTIMONY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

"As concerning the resurrection, I will merely say that all men will come forth from the grave as they lie down, whether old or young; there will not be "added one cubit to their stature," neither taken from it; all will be raised by the power of God, having spirit in their bodies and not blood."—*March 20, 1842. History of Joseph Smith.*

"There are two kinds of beings in heaven, viz: angels, who are resurrected personages, having bodies of flesh and bones.

"For instance, Jesus said, 'Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.'

"2nd. The spirits of just men made perfect—they who are not resurrected, but inherit the same glory.

"When a messenger comes, saying he has a message from God, offer him your hand, and request him to shake hands with you.

"If he be an angel, he will do so, and you will feel his hand.

"If he be the spirit of a just man made perfect, he will come in his glory; for that is the only way he can appear.

"Ask him to shake hands with you, but he will not move, because it is contrary to the order of heaven for a just man to deceive; but he will still deliver his message.

"If it be the Devil as an angel of light, when you ask him to shake hands, he will offer you his hand, and you will not feel anything; you may therefore detect him.

"These are three grand keys, whereby you may know whether any administration is from God." — *Thursday, February 9, 1843; History of Joseph Smith. Doctrine and Covenants, cxxix.*

"Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection;

"And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come.

"There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated;

"And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated.

"The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also: but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us.

"A man may receive the Holy Ghost, and it may descend upon him and may not tarry with him."— *Sunday, April 2, 1843; History of Joseph Smith. Doctrine and Covenants, cxxx: 18-23.*

"To a remark of Elder O. Pratt's, that a man's body changes every seven years, President Joseph Smith

replied: There is no fundamental principle belonging to a human system that ever goes into another in this world or in the world to come: I care not what the theories of men are. We have the testimony that God will raise us up, and He has the power to do it. If any one supposes that any part of our bodies, that is, the fundamental parts thereof, ever goes into another body, he is mistaken."—*Friday, April 7, 1843; History of Joseph Smith.*

"Speaking of the eternal duration of matter, I said—There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes.

"We cannot see it; but when our bodies are purified, we shall see that

it is all matter."—*Wednesday, May 17, 1843; History of Joseph Smith. Doctrine and Covenants, cxxxi: 7, 8.*

"As the Father hath power in Himself, so hath the Son power in Himself, to lay down His life and take it again, so He has a body of his own. The Son doeth what He hath seen the Father do; then the Father hath some day laid down His life and taken it again; so He has a body of His own, each one will be in His own body; and yet the sectarian world believe the body of the Son is stuffed into the Father's.

Gods have an ascendancy over the angels, who are ministering servants. In the resurrection, some are raised to be angels; others are raised to become Gods."—*Sunday, June 11, 1843; History of Joseph Smith.*

DEPARTMENT OF INQUIRY.

THE following inquiries have been propounded to us by a subscriber in Salt Lake City, to which we are pleased to give the accompanying answers, all of which have been submitted to the authorities of the Church who have approved of the same and consequently they may be considered authentic:

"Has a deacon of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints any authority to assist a teacher in the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick, though a deacon is not mouth? For example, the teachers of a certain block were called to administer to a sick person. There were also two deacons in the room at the time, and the head teacher called upon them to assist in the administration of the ordinance. Now, has a teacher the right to call upon a deacon to assist him, or has a teacher any right, to lay on his hands for the recovery of the sick, even though he be full of faith which is burning within him. Of course in Section 20 of the Doctrine and Covenants, paragraph 57, it says that a

deacon is to assist a teacher if the occasion requires it, but in paragraph 58 it plainly states that neither a teacher nor a deacon has authority to baptize, administer the sacrament or lay on hands; but does not this latter mean that he is not to lay on hands for the bestowal of the Holy Ghost after baptism?"

A deacon or a lay member of the Church has the privilege to lay on hands for the recovery of the sick where they are asked to do so, or are led by the Holy Spirit to take this course, though in such cases they have no right to use the authority of the Priesthood. There are instances where little children have laid their hands upon those who were sick, praying at the same time for the Lord to heal the afflicted one. Their simple, child-like faith has prevailed with God, and those in whose behalf they have prayed have been healed. It is not infrequent for leading officers of the Church to call upon teachers and deacons to join them in laying hands upon the sick; women, too, have been invited to

join in this holy ceremony, but such persons have not been asked to be mouth in administering, nor to anoint with oil. There is not the least impropriety in teachers and deacons, or even lay members who have faith, taking part to the extent above mentioned in the holy ordinances of the Gospel, though it can be readily understood that such persons have no authority to lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost. In the instance mentioned above the teachers who requested the assistance of the deacons undoubtedly held the Melchisedek Priesthood and were merely acting as teachers. Otherwise, if they were only ordained teachers, they had no more authority than did the deacons to lay on hands.

Second question: "Can a man holding the Priesthood of God, who has committed sin and thus defiled himself, and who is known to be impure through sinful and filthy habits, bestow the Holy Ghost upon any who have been baptized? We are told in the Scriptures that an impure person cannot have the Holy Ghost, and if such do not have it, how are they able to bestow it upon others by their administration?"

There are many instances on record which confirm the fact that the Lord acknowledges the authority a man holds in administering the ordinances of the Gospel, even though the man himself at the time be a transgressor. So long as a man maintains his position in the Church and holds the Priesthood, he has the authority to act in his calling, and all proper administrations will be acknowledged of God. Where men are known to be sinful, however, and to have violated their covenants, they should not be requested to take part in the ordinances of the Gospel, but should be called to repentance. Nevertheless whatever has been done by properly authorized servants of God will be acknowledged of Him, so long as such acts have been in conformity with the laws of His Church.

Third question: "When was the Mutual Improvement Associations organized and by whom? Also in what Ward or place? What is the whole number of enrolled members at the present time?"

On pages twenty-one and twenty-two of Volume I of the CONTRIBUTOR, we find a detailed account of the organization of the Mutual Improvement Association, from which we make the following extract:

"Elder Junius F. Wells was appointed by President Young to begin the work of organizing societies for Mutual Improvement. Brother J. F. Wells called a public meeting in the thirteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, on the tenth of June, 1875. The people responded, and a large audience awaited his instructions. * * * Brother Wells briefly explained the object of the meeting and with such favor that an association for mutual improvement was organized. Brother H. A. Woolley was chosen president, with B. Morris Young as first and Heber J. Grant as second counselor, and Hiram H. Goddard as secretary. The enrollment of members followed, when the first Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was declared organized."

It might be well to add, however, that previous to this time there had been improvement and literary associations formed, but the organization mentioned above was the first of that great general movement which has since assumed the grand proportions now existing in these mountains. The approximate number of present membership in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations is twelve thousand.

Fourth question: "Is the department of inquiry in THE CONTRIBUTOR for any other purpose or subject than that of religion?"

It is for the consideration of any subject which would properly belong to Mutual Improvement Association work, or for religious subjects.

THE CONTRIBUTOR

PUBLISHED BY

The Contributor Company.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL, 1895

IS FAITH DECREASING?

THERE is a wonderful amount of sickness among the Latter-day Saints at the present time. Diseases of various kinds seem to be making inroads upon both the young, middle-aged and the old. We have wondered if one cause of so much sickness is not that the Latter-day Saints lack that faith and power with God which were characteristic of them in earlier times. It is to be expected, of course, that from the scourges which are to be poured out upon the earth in the last days the Saints will not entirely escape, but it is presumed, because of the promises which are made, that those who are faithful shall be delivered from the power of the destroyer.

It is a fact, which is doubtless apparent to all, that doctors are generally kept busy among members of the Church. Indeed, doctors and lawyers, two classes whose services should be needed the least by Latter-day Saints, seems to be kept most busy. We have no word of complaint to offer against these professionals, for their callings are honorable, but we would like to see those who have made covenant with the Lord adhere more closely to those divine laws which have been instituted in the Church for the government of the people. In this event we would find less sickness among the people and less expense in the settlement of financial difficulties.

There are a number of settlements of the Latter-day Saints where doctors' services have not been required for years. We have been informed there are some settlements of considerable size that have never yet had

need of physician or surgeon to visit them in a professional way. One city of considerable size where Latter-day Saints live had a peculiar experience in the direction indicated. For many years there was no doctor living among them. One Brother, who had graduated in the East, located there after his return home, but he was compelled for a time to take other than professional labor to sustain himself. His presence, however, seemed gradually to lead the people to seek his advice, and after several years among them he was a visitor at almost every home. When he reached this condition he was called to fill a mission, and, being a faithful member of the Church, responded to the call. He was absent some two years, during which time the people all recovered from their ailments and were again in the old-time condition of not needing medical aid. The lesson they had learned during his absence made a salutary impression upon their minds and when the doctor returned home he was left without practice, and eventually moved to another city in order to follow his profession, being unable to obtain sufficient practice to sustain him at his former home.

There are many families in the Church that follow strictly the law of God, which has been given—to call for the Elders when any are afflicted—and the prayer of faith does heal the sick. These families do not need the services of doctors, for they have acquired, through the constant exercise of faith, such confidence in the fulfillment of the promises of God that they prefer to depend upon Him rather than upon human skill, and their faith is not vain. We think that the talents of skilled men and women who have made the human system a study should be utilized for the alleviation of pain, but we think the Saints should never neglect the ordinances which God has instituted in His Church for the healing of the sick, but should place

their confidence in the gifts of the Gospel and thus find relief which human skill too often cannot afford.

As for lawyers their services are needed in some directions, but they should not be sought to settle differences which arise between members of the Church. There are laws established by which the Saints can peaceably overcome the difficulties that exist, but it is deplorable to think that people who have made the covenants we have with each other and with God should be under the necessity of appealing to the courts or to attorneys to settle our grievances.

Professional men of this class who are members of the Church should always make an effort to act as peacemakers between their co-religionists instead of pursuing the course which some lawyers take of stirring up strife that they may obtain attorney's fees. We read of an eminent attorney in the East whose reputation for integrity was so high and whose desire to settle out of court differences between people was so great that many opposing parties appealed to him for counsel concerning their affairs. A lady approached him one day with her complaint and began rehearsing in his ears her real or imagined wrongs.

"Stop, stop Madam," he said, "I am retained as counsel for the other side and cannot therefore take your case."

"Well," she said, "I don't want anything but what is right, and you, I am sure, don't want anything that is wrong; why can you not, therefore, take both cases in hand?"

Pleased with her confidence in his integrity he agreed to listen to what she had to say, and found merit in her case. The result was he succeeded in settling the differences between the opposing parties to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

Another lawyer of national repute is credited with saying he would sooner give five hundred dollars to

settle a case out of court than to receive the same amount for carrying a case in the district court where he lives. This latter gentleman receives a retaining fee which is sufficient to sustain him in ease if not in luxury, from one corporation. Yet it is very, very seldom that this corporation has a case in court, for its attorney settles all differences by peaceable means.

We hope that young men who follow the profession of law will make it their rule to take no case for the fee which is to be obtained therefrom, but will be governed by the highest principles which can control man in any of the affairs of life, remembering at all times the Savior's words, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

M. I. MEMBERSHIP.

Question: "Are men from twenty-five to fifty years of age supposed to belong to the Mutuals? If so, what is the best plan to adopt to get them to join and take part in the associations? Should boys under fourteen years of age be enrolled in the Mutuals?"

It is quite proper for men from twenty-five to fifty years of age to be members of the Mutual Improvement Associations, and where boys under fourteen years of age are capable of understanding the instructions given in the associations and are orderly in their conduct, there is not the slightest objection to their being enrolled as members.

The only means of which we know to induce attendance at the association meetings is the presentation of instructive and interesting exercises, together with promptness of opening and conducting the services, and early closing. These characteristics together with labor on the part of officers and members with those who seem indifferent or careless, we believe will have the effect of inducing both young and old to attend Mutual Improvement Association meetings. There should, however, be systematic

labor undertaken with those who fail to attend, and these efforts should be persistent until the officers are convinced that further labor is useless.

LIVING WITHOUT GOD. — The high and the low, the young and the old, the busy and the idle, alike shun acquaintance with God, as if His very name brought uneasiness, and disturbed our comfort and repose. If we mention God to the young, we too often seem to be troubling them with what they had rather forget in such early days: while the aged dislike to be reminded of their misfortune, that their time on earth is drawing near to an end. If we mention God to the gay and happy, we appear to be interfering with their pleasures. If we mention Him to the great and the learned, they will intimate that such subjects belong

rather to a humbler class and station. But the poor and laborious, on their part, refer us to those who have more information and more leisure. Thus a large portion of mankind, in all classes, strive to keep God out of their thoughts, and to live, so far as in them lies, without Him in the world. Yes, without Him, who, as the Apostle says, *is not far from any one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being*. Why should they act so strangely and unreasonably, if they believe that acquaintance with God would give them peace.—*Bishop Sumner*.

MAJESTY AND JUSTICE OF GOD. — With God is terrible majesty. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out; He is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice; He will not afflict. Men do therefore fear Him.—*Job*.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 27.

ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, (CONTINUED.) FOURTH AND LAST YEAR OF THE CIVIL WAR. APRIL, 1864, TO APRIL, 1865.

Subdivisions:—Grant and Sherman's "Hammering Campaign:" (a) The two chief centers of confederate power; (b) the division of the work between Grant and Sherman.—The battles of the Wilderness.—Sinking the notorious *Alabama* off the coast of France.—The confederate dash for Washington.—Sheridan's raid.—The Petersburg mine.—Sheridan's famous ride.—Sherman's advance to Atlanta.—Admiral Farragut closing the port of Mobile.—Sherman's famous march from Atlanta to the sea.—Destruction of Hood's Confederate army.—Sherman's capture of Savannah and his move north.—Lee's surrender to Grant.—Assassin-

ation of President Lincoln, April 14, 1865.

Self-review:—1. What was the plan of the Grant-Sherman Hammering Campaign? 2. In what respects was the ship *Alabama* related to England, to the Confederation and to the United States? 3. What is meant by the Petersburg mine? 4. What advantage was it to the Union to have the port of Mobile closed? 5. What evidence does the closing event of this period of history give of the truth of the word of the Lord, that secret organizations to get gain, are from the devil?

LECTURE 28.

ADMINISTRATION OF ANDREW JOHNSON, 1865 to 1869.

Subdivisions:—The difficult situation.—The disbanding of the Union army: (a) the grand military review; (b) the laying down of arms: (c) the patriots going quietly to their homes without a single act of

lawlessness.—Results of the war: (*a*) secession extinguished; (*b*) slavery destroyed; (*c*) the Union maintained in a way clearly indicating that “there was not air enough on our continent to float two different American flags.”—President Johnson’s proclamation of pardon.—The contest between the President and Congress.—The southern states placed under military government.—The re-admission of six states.—Negro legislators and “carpet baggers.”—Impeachment of President Johnson.—The unconditional pardon proclamation.—The fifteenth amendment of the Constitution making the negro a voter.—The Atlantic cable.—The purchase of Alaska.

Self-review:—1. Describe the grand review of the Union forces before they were disbanded. 2. Enumerate the governmental results of the war. 3. What was the chief cause of the contest between President Johnson and Congress? 4. On what charge was he impeached? 5. Explain the purchase of Alaska.

LECTURE 29.

ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT U. S. GRANT, 1869 to 1877.

Subdivisions:—Completion of the Pacific railroad, the last spike of the grand trans-continental line being driven at Ogden, Utah, May 10th, 1869.—Effect of the Pacific Railroad on commerce.—The growth of the far west.—The completion of the restoration of the seceded states.—Disastrous fires: (*a*) Chicago; (*b*) forest; (*c*) Boston.—Rings: (*a*) Tweed’s, N. Y. robber ring; (*b*) the whisky ring.—The business panic of 1873.—The centennial exhibition at Philadelphia.—The electric light.—The telephone.—Treaty with Great Britain.—War with the Indians: (*a*) The Modocs; (*b*) the Sioux.

Self-review:—1. When and where was the Pacific Railroad completed? 2. How was commerce, especially with Asia, affected by the completion

of the Pacific railroad? 3. Explain the weather bureau. 4. What was the cause of the panic of 1873? 5. What was the nature of the treaty with Great Britain during Grant’s administration?

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

LECTURE 22.

SOME SO-CALLED AUXILIARY FOODS.

Subdivisions:—Vinegar.—Pickles.—Lemon and lime juices.—Certain essential oils.—Spices.—Salt.—Tea.—Coffee.—Cocoa.—Chocolate.—Danger from condiments. Ref., ch. 34.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by the so-called auxiliary foods? 2. Name the principal condiments in common use. 3. Name the principal essential oils used as flavors. 4. Name the principal artificial drinks that are used as auxiliary foods. 5. State the general pathological effects of tea or coffee drinking.

LECTURE 23.

PRESERVATION OF FOOD STUFFS.

Subdivisions:—Decay of organic matters.—Bacteria and decay.—Freezing.—Canning.—Bottling.—Mineral poisons in canned goods.—Drying.—Chemical antiseptics, (*a*) salt; (*b*) sugar; (*c*) alcohol; (*d*) creosote; (*e*) boric acid preparations; (*f*) salicylic acid.—Preservation of eggs. Ref., ch. 35.

Self-review:—1. Define “putrefaction,” and “fermentation.” 2. What does the microscope teach us as to the nature of such decomposition processes? 3. Explain why pure, thoroughly filtered air will not induce decay in perishable articles. 4. Name some of the principal chemical antiseptics used in preserving. 5. Explain the preserving effects of sugar, alcohol, oil.

LECTURE 24.

CLEANSING AGENTS.—BLEACHING.

Subdivisions:—Water as a cleansing agent.—Alkalies.—Soaps.—

Soap-making. — Hard soap. — Soft soap. — Fats used. — Colored soaps. — Impure soaps. — Washing compounds. — Ammonia. — Other solvents. — Sun-bleaching. — Chlorine as a bleaching agent. — Sulphur dioxide in bleaching. Ref., chs. 36, 37.

Self-review.—1. What is soap? 2. Explain the difference between hard and soft soap. 3. Name the common cleansing agents with which you are acquainted. 4. What is bleaching? 5. Name the commonest chemical bleaching agents.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

LECTURE 19.

POWERS OF CONGRESS, (CONTINUED).

Subdivisions.—Constitutional provisions: Article I, Section 8, Clauses 3, 4; Amendment XIV, Section 1. —(3) *Commerce*: (a) power to regulate commerce; (b) embargo and non-importation act. —(4) *Naturalization and Bankruptcy*: (a) Terms defined; (b) state control; (c) naturalization laws; (d) process of naturalization; (e) states may confer political rights; (f) bankruptcies; (g) legislation concerning bankruptcies. Ref., American Government, part II, ch. x, pp. 184–192.

Self-review.—1. What is said of the importance of the clause providing for the regulation of commerce? 2. Explain the embargo and non-importation acts. 3. What were some of the principal ends to be accomplished by the act entitled “An act to Regulate Commerce?” 4. Define citizenship. 5. Name the steps to be taken by an alien in order to become a citizen of the United States.

LECTURE 20.

POWERS OF CONGRESS, (CONTINUED).

Subdivisions.—Constitutional provisions: Article I, Section 8, Clauses

5, 6, 7.—(5) *Coinage, Weights and Measures*: (a) Coinage in the Articles of Confederation; (b) the establishment of a monetary system; (c) regulating the value of money; (d) fineness and weight of coins; (e) change of ratio; (f) the demonetization; (g) the mints; (h) uniformity of weights and measures. —(6) *Counterfeiting*: (a) definition; (b) punishment. —(7) *Post Offices*: (a) department; (b) kinds. Ref., American Government, book II, ch. x, pp. 192–200.

Self-review.—1. What is meant by regulating the value of money? 2. Explain the silver act of 1890. 3. What is said of the uniformity of weights and measures as compared with uniformity of money? 4. Define counterfeiting. 5. Explain the division of post offices.

LECTURE 21.

POWERS OF CONGRESS, (CONTINUED).

Subdivisions.—Constitutional provisions: Article I, Section 8, Clauses 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. —(8) *Copyrights and Patents*: (a) The law of copyrights; (b) steps to be taken; (c) patent rights. —(9) *Piracies and Felonies*: on the *high seas*. —(10) *Declaration of War*: (a) power to declare war; (b) letters of marque and reprisal. —(11) *The Army and Navy*: (a) reason for the two years' provision; (b) the army and the navy. Ref., American Government part II, ch. x, pp. 200–208.

Self-review.—1. What reason can you assign for the clause relating to copy and patent rights? 2. What steps are to be taken in order to obtain a copyright? 3. What extraordinary development has resulted from our patent system? 4. What is meant by the common highway of nations? 5. What is the reason for the two years' provision respecting the army?

Highest Honors-World's Fair.

Gold Medal-Midwinter Fair.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.
Superior to every other known.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit,
Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

Dr. Price's Contains No Ammonia, No Alum, or any other Adulterant.

**BARLOW FERGUSON,
JOHN M. CANNON,**

Attorneys-at-Law,

Constitution Building, Salt Lake City.

DANIEL HARRINGTON,

Attorney & Counselor-at-Law,

CONSTITUTION BUILDING,

Opposite Z. C. M. I.

SALT LAKE CITY.

SUPPORT - HOME - INDUSTRY.

If you want a good and cheap Suit of
Clothes, (Perfect Fit Guaranteed), or
Cleaning and Repairing, call on

JOHN BERGEN, THE TAILOR,

128 W. South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.



JOHN CAMENCIN,

FIRST-CLASS—

SHOES

MADE TO ORDER.

Basement Utah Nat. Bank
SALT LAKE CITY.

52 WEST, THIRD SOUTH, SALT LAKE CITY.

Sanitarium.

THE SALT LAKE HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM CO., at 52 WEST, THIRD SOUTH ST., SALT LAKE CITY, has the Finest Baths in America, consisting of magnificent large Swimming Pools, Private Pools, and Fine Porcelain Bath Tubs. The Sanitarium has conducted its waters from its Hot Salt-Sulphur Springs north of the city, a distance of about 3 miles, into the very heart of the city, and has the greatest Bath and Swimming establishment in the world, giving health and recreation to untold numbers of men and women. It is a **SURE CURE** for RHEUMATISM, INDIGESTION, LEAD POISON, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, and similar diseases.

Dr. Henry O. Marcy, of Boston, one of the most renowned and successful physicians in America, on a recent visit to Salt Lake City, said: "You people do not realize what a grand thing you have in your Sanitarium. I have visited all the famous European and American bath resorts, and can say that none of these waters excel the Sanitarium water for health-giving properties. It is the finest bath I ever had."

All Utah citizens should see the Sanitarium, so that they can appreciate these wonderful Baths. You are cordially invited to make a personal inspection of the place. Attendants will be pleased to show the Sanitarium without charge. Baths 25 cents. Towels and Suits washed at Troy Laundry.



THE PRESSING
DESIRE OF EVERY CYCLIST.
IS TO RIDE A TEMPLE.

RALPH TEMPLE CYCLE CO. 2208 MICHIGAN AV. CHICAGO

ALL WHO CULTIVATE
**FRUITS
FLOWERS
VEGETABLES**

For Pleasure or Profit,

Should see that the Journal they subscribe
to is the best and most reliable
authority obtainable.

**AMERICAN
GARDENING.**

STANDS FOREMOST IN THE LIST.

It deals practically with fruits and vegetables,
trees, shrubs and flowers, and covers the
field of horticulture systematically
and thoroughly. It illustrates and
describes methods of cultivation,
improved varieties and
labor-saving devices.
It is, without doubt,

The Paper for the People!

\$1.00 a Year (24 numbers).

Specimen copy and 50-page catalogue of
horticultural books FREE on application.

American Gardening, 170 Fulton St., N.Y.

1840-1892.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP**

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their
children while Teething for over Fifty Years.
It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays
all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best
remedy for diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

NOW READY.

The Fourth Edition of the
M. I. A. MANUAL, Part 1,

is now issued. Price per copy,
postpaid, **25 Cents.**

Also Twelve Lessons for this year's
work of

M. I. A. MANUAL, Part 2.

Price per copy, postpaid, **15 Cents.**

FOR SALE BY

The Contributor Co.,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

P. O. BOX 520

and by other Book Dealers.

The above pamphlets are published under the
advice and by the authority of the Presidency and
Officers of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement
Association.

PATENTS
PATEAITS, TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a
prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to
MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years'
experience in the patent business. Communica-
tions strictly confidential. A Handbook of In-
formation concerning Patents and how to ob-
tain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechan-
ical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive
special notice in the Scientific American, and
thus are brought widely before the public with-
out cost to the inventor. This splendid paper,
issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the
largest circulation of any scientific work in the
world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, \$2.50 a year. Single
copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beau-
tiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new
houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the
latest designs and secure contracts. Address
MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.



YOUNG MAN

Learn a Trade, and compete with the world. Learn Typewriting and compete with Few. The new **ANVIL AND SHUTTLE HAMMOND** is as good as any machine yet invented. Not a few think it is better; **THE CONTRIBUTOR** does. *So will you*

GET A CIRCULAR. ROOM 424 CONSTITUTION BUILDING.

SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY! Go to
BALTIMORE WORKINGMEN'S SHOE STORE,



Where you can get a pair of Hand Sewed Shoes made from \$3.00 up. First-class Repairing Half Soling and Heeling, 75c. Work guaranteed.
M. K. STANN,
66½ E. 2nd South

1840-1892.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

ASK

YOUR GROCER

TO GIVE YOU

GOLD BAND

**FLAVORING EXTRACTS,
BAKING POWDER,
and SPICES,**



MANUFACTURED BY

THOMSON & TAYLOR SPICE CO.,

Michigan Avenue, Cor. Lake Street, Chicago.

No Finer Goods in any Market.

Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co.

ASSETS OVER \$49,000,000

HEBER J. GRANT & CO., AGENTS, SALT LAKE CITY

W. S. WARREN, RESIDENT SECRETARY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Make Him Independent. Forty Acres in Utah will do it.

START YOUR SON IN LIFE.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder.
Highest of all in leavening strength.—
Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall Street, New York.

WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.



Union *
Pacific
SYSTEM,

The THROUGH CAR LINE to
all Points North, South,
East and West.

THE ONLY LINE OPERATING
DINING CARS AND THROUGH
PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS
TO CHICAGO AND SAINT LOUIS
WITHOUT CHANGE.

City Ticket Office, 201 Main St.

S. H. H. Clark
Oliver W. Mink
E. Ellery Anderson
Fred'k R. Conder
John W. Doane
RECEIVERS

D. E. BURLEY,
Genl. Agt. Pass. Dept.
E. DICKINSON, E. L. LOMAX,
General Mgr. G.P. & T.A.

Mellin's Food Children

everywhere are the best advertisement of **Mellin's Food**: with their sound bodies, straight limbs, bright eyes, plump cheeks and fresh, radiant faces, they are the highest types of happy, healthy childhood, and the best evidence that **Mellin's Food** fulfills every requisite of a food for infants.

Our Book for the instruction of mothers sent free on application.

DOLIBER-GOODALE CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

FORTY ACRE TRACTS AT \$1200 EACH. One-tenth Cash, bal. Nine Yearly Payments. Perpetual Water Right. Choice Fruit Land.

W. E. HUBBARD, 109 W. SECOND SOUTH ST SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH